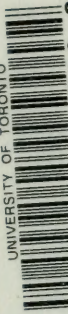


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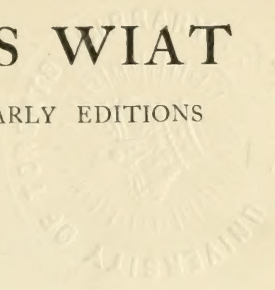
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THE POEMS OF
SIR THOMAS WYAT

Wyll, Sir Thomas.

~~1867~~
THE POEMS OF
SIR THOMAS WYAT

FROM THE MSS. AND EARLY EDITIONS



EDITED BY

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PREFATORY NOTE

THIS edition of Sir Thomas Wiat's poems is a reproduction of the text of the Library Edition just published by the University of London Press.

The main part of the text for the Rondeaux and the Psalms is taken from Wiat's autograph manuscript, the Egerton MS., 2711, British Museum. The only exceptions are a few sonnets and epigrams found in other MSS., and added to their respective groups in order to preserve uniformity and the chronological order which is discoverable in these sections.

The sixteenth-century spelling serves as a guide for the right pronunciation and scansion required to preserve the rhythm of Wiat's metre.

Students and those interested in literary history will find an account of Wiat's versification in my *Study of Sir Thomas Wyatt*, London University Press, 1910. This book also contains a bibliography of the chief authors required for the understanding of Wiat's position in sixteenth-century literature. The interpretation of the poems, and Wiat's aims and achievements in verse, are discussed fully in the Preface, Introduction and Commentary of the Library Edition.

For the general reader, I would point out that the

PREFATORY NOTE

early poems require to be read with the Romance or French accent, in order to preserve both rhyme and rhythm. For instance, such words as "pleasure," "fortune," "reason," should be accented on the second syllable; terminations "-ion," "-tion," are dissyllabic; words such as "spirit," "heaven," "othr," are monosyllabic, but *where the exigencies of rhyme or scansion require it* they are pronounced as in modern speech.

The clue to the right scansion is found in the *slurring of adjacent vocal syllables* (where in this respect the vowel is not regarded as a letter), the verbal ending "-eth" in the body of the verse, and the slurring of "hath." Secondly, the use of trisyllabic feet is a common feature of Wiat's verse.

The observance of these two rules, and the occasional accentuation of the last syllable of a dissyllabic word of Romance origin, will remove the slight difficulties that may be encountered in the scansion of Wiat's verse, by those who are accustomed to modern rhythms only.

A short glossary is added for the general reader. Students are referred to Wright's *Dialectal Dictionary* and the *New English Dictionary*.

A. K. FOXWELL.

NOTE ON THE MSS.

- E. Egerton MS., British Museum, No. 2711. Wiat's autograph MS.
- D. Devonshire MS., British Museum, No. 17492.
- A. Additional MS., British Museum, No. 28635.
- P. Additional MS., British Museum, No. 36529.
- Hr. Harleian MS., British Museum, No. 78.
- T. Tottel's Miscellany, 1st edition, Bodleian, Oxford, June 1557 ; 2nd edition, British Museum, July 1557.

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RONDEAU 1 ✓

Behold love, thy power how she dispiseth :
 My great payne, how litle she regardeth :
 The holy oth, whereof she taketh no cure
 Broken she hath : and yet she bideth sure
 Right at her ease, and litle she dredeth.

Wepened thou art, and she unarmed sitteth :
 To the disdaynfull her liff she ledeth :
 To me spitefull withoute cause or mesur.

Behold love.

I ame in hold : if pitie the meveth,
 Goo bend thy bowe, that stony hertes breketh,
 And with some stroke revenge the displeasur
 Of the and him, that sorrowe doeth endur,
 And as his lorde the lowly entreateth.

Behold love.

RONDEAU 2 ✓

What vaileth trouth ? or by it to take payn ?
 To stryve, by stedfastnes, for to be tayne ?
To be juste and true ; and fle from doublenes ?
 Sythens all alike, where ruleth craftines,
 Rewarded is boeth fals, and plain.

Sonest he spedeth, that moost can fain :
 True meaning heart is had in disdayn :
 Against deceipte and doublenes

What vaileth trouth ?

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

Deceved is he, by crafty trayn,
That meaneth no gile : and doeth remayn
Within the trapp, withoute redresse :
But, for to love, lo, such à maistres,
Whose crueltie nothing can refrayn,
What vaileth truth?

RONDEAU 3 ✓

For to love her for her lokes lovely
My hert was set in thought right fermely,
Trusting by trowth to have had redresse :
But she hath made anothr promes,
And hath geven me leve full honestly.

Yet do I not reioyse it greatly :
For on my faith I loved to surely :
But reason will that I do cesse
For to love her.

Syns that in love the paynes ben dedly,
Me thincke it best that reddely
I do retorn to my first adresse ;
For at this tyme to great is the prese
And perilles appere to abundauntely
For to love her.

RONDEAU 4 ✓

Helpe me to seke for I lost it ther,
And if that ye have founde it ye that be here.
And seke to convaye it secretely,
Handell it softe, and trete it tenderly :
Or els it will plain and then appere ;

RONDEAUS

But rather restore it mannerly,
Syns that I do aske it thus honestly;
For to lese it, it sitteth me to neere;
Helpe me to seke.

Alas and is there no remedy?
But have I thus lost it wilfully?
I wis it was a thing all to dere
To be bestowed, and wist not where:
It was myn hert, I pray you hertely
Helpe me to seke.

RONDEAU 5 ✓

Yf it be so that I forsake the,
As banysshed from thy company,
Yet my hert, my mynde, and my affection,
Shall still remain in thy perfection,
But right as thou lyst so order me.

But som would saye, in their opinion
Revoultid is thy good intention;
Then may I well blame thy cruelte
Yf it be so.

But my self, I say on this fasshion:
I have her hert in my possession,
And of itself there cannot perdy
By no meanes love an herteles body,
And on my faith good is the reason
If it be so.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIA'T

RONDEAU 6 ✓

Thou hast no faith of him that hath none,
But thou must love him nedes by reason,
For as saieth a proverbe notable,
" Eche thing seketh his semblable " ✓
And thou hast thyn of thy condition.

Yet is it not the thing I passe on,
Nor hote nor cold is myn affection.
For syns thyn hert is so mutable,
Thou hast no faith.

I thought the true withoute exception,
But I perceve I lacked discretion
To fasshion faith to wordes mutable ;
Thy thought is to light and variable
To change so oft withoute occasion,
Thou hast no faith.

RONDEAU 7 ✓

Goo burnyng sighes ! unto the frosen hert
Goo, breke the ise whiche pites paynfull dert
Myght never perse, and if mortall prayer
In hevyn may be herd ; at lest I desir
That deth or mercy be ende of my smert.

Take with the payne whereof I have my part ;
And eke the flame from which I cannot stert :
And leve me then in rest I you require.

Goo, burning sighes !

RONDEAUS

I must goo worke I se by craft and art,
For trueth and faith in her is laide apart;
Alas I cannot therefor assaill her
With pitfull plaint and scalding fyer
That oute of my brest doeth straynably stert
Goo, burning sighes!

RONDEAU 8 ✓

Ye old mule that think your self so fayre,
Leve off with craft your beautie to repaire,
For it is time withoute any fable;
No man setteth now by riding in your saddell;
To muche travaill so do your train apaise,
Ye old mule!

With fals favoure though you deceve thayes,
Who so taste you shall well perceve your layes
Savoureth som what of a kappurs stable,
Ye old mule!

Ye must now serve to market and to faire,
All for the burden, for pannyers a paire;
For syns gray heres ben powdered in your sable,
The thing ye seke for you must yourself enable
To purchase it by payement and by prayer,
Ye old mule!

RONDEAU 9 ✓

What no perdy ye may be sure!
Thinck not to make me to your lure,
With wordes and chere so contrarieng,
Swete and sowre contrewaing;

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

To much it were still to endure ;
Trowth is tryed where craft is in ure ;
But though ye have hade my hertes cure
Trow ye I dote withoute ending ?
What no perdy !

Though that with pain I do procure
For to forgett that ons was pure,
Within my hert shall still that thing
Unstable, unsure, and wavering
Be in my mynde withoute recure ?
What no perdy !

SONNETS

1

Cesar, when that the traytør of Egipt,
 With thónorable hed did him present,
 Covering his gladnes, did répresent
 Playnt with his teres owteward, as it is writt ;
 And Hannyball, eke, when fortune him shitt
 Cléne from his réign, and from all his intent
 Laught to his folke, whom sórrowe did torment,
 His cruel dispíte for to dis-gorge and qwit.
 So chaunceth it oft, that evéry pássion
 The mind hideth, by color contrary,
 With fayned visage, now sad, now mery :
 Whereby if I laught, any tyme or season,
 It is : for bicause I have nother way
 To cloke my care, but under sport and play.

2

The longe love that in my thought doeth harbar :
 And in myn hert doeth kepe his residence :
 Into my face preseth with bolde pretence :
 And therein campeth spreading his baner.
 She that me lerneth to love and suffre :
 And willes that my trust and lustes negligence
 Be rayned by reason, shame, and reverence :
 With his hardines taketh displeasur.
 Where with all unto the hertes forrest he fleith :
 Leving his enterprise with payn and cry :
 And ther him hideth and not appereth.
 What may I do when my maister fereth ?
 But in the feld with him to lyve and dye ?
 For goode is the liff, ending faithfully.

7

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

3

Who so list to hount : I know where is an hynde,
 But, as for me : helas, I may no more.
 The vayne travail hath werid me so sore,
 I ame of them, that farthest cometh behinde .
 Yet, may I by no means, my weried mynde
 Drawe from the Der ; but as she fleeth afore
 Faynting I folowe. I leve of therefore :
 — Sins in a nett I seke to hold the wynde.
 Who list her hount : I put him oute of dowbte :
 As well as I : may spend his tyme in vain.
 And graven with Diamonds in letters plain :
 There is written, her faier neck rounde abowte :
 Noli me tangere for Cesars I ame
 And wylde for to hold : though I seme tame.

4

Was I never yet of your love greved,
 Nor never shall while that my liff doeth last ;
 But of hating myself that date is past,
 And teeres continuell sore have me weried.
 I will not yet in my grave be buried ;
 Nor on my tombe, your name yfixed fast,
 As cruell cause that did the sperit son haste
 Ffrom thunhappy bonys, by great sighes sterred.
 Then if an hert of amorous faith and will
 May content you, withoute doying greiff,
 Please it you so to this to doo releiff
 Yf, othr wise, ye seke for to fulfill
 Your disdain : ye erre : and shall not as ye wene ;
 And you yourself the cause thereof hath bene.

8

SONNETS

5

To Lady

Eche man me telleth I chaunge moost my devise :
 And on my faith, me thinck it goode reason,
 To chaunge propose like after the season;
 Ffor in every cas, to kepe still oon gyse
 Ys mytt for them that would be taken wyse;
 And I ame not of suche maner condition :
 But treted after a dyvers fasshion :
 And thereupon my dyvernes doeth rise.
 But you that blame this dyvernes moost,
 Chaunge you no more, but still after oon rate,
 Trete ye me well, and kepe ye in the same state
 And while with me doeth dwell this weried goost,
 My word nor I shall not be variable,
 But alwaies oon your owne both ferme and stable.

6

London

If amours faith, an hert unfayned,
 A swete languor a great lovely desir :
 If honest will kyndelled in gentill fier :
 If long error in a blynde maze chayned :
 If in my visage, eche thought depaynted :
 Or els in my sperklyng voyse lower or higher,
 Which nowe fere, nowe shame, wofully doth tyer :
 If a pale colour which love hath stayned :
 If to have an other then myself more dere :
 Yf wailing and sighting continuely,
 With sorrowfull anger feding bissely :
 Yf burning a farr of : and fresing nere
 Ar cause that by love my self I destroye,
 Yours is the fault and myn the great annoye.

9

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

7 ✓

Farewell Love and all thy lawes for ever,
 Thy bayted hookes shall tangill me no more :
 Senec and Plato call me from thy lore,
 To perfaict welth my wit for to endevert.
 In blynde error when I did persever ;
 Thy sherpe repulse, that pricketh ay so sore,
 Hath taught me to sett in tryfels no store :
 And scape fourth, syns libertie is lever.
 Therefor farewell, goo trouble younger hertes :
 And in me clayme no more authoritie ;
 With idill yeuth goo use thy propertie ;
 And thereon spend thy many brittill dertes.
 For hitherto though I have lost all my tyme,
 Me lusteth no lenger rotten boughes to clyme.

8 ✓

My hert I gave the not to do it payn,
 But to preserve it was to the taken :
 I served the not to be forsaken,
 But that I should be rewarded again :
 I was content thy servaunt to remayn,
 But not to be payed under this fasshion :
 Nowe syns in the is none othr reason,
 Displease the not if that I do refrain :
 Unsaciat of my woo and thy desir :
 Assured be craft to excuse thy fault.
 But syns it please the to fain a default
 Ffarewell I say, parting from the fyer.
 For he that belevith bering in hand,
 [Ploweth in water and so]weth in the sand.

10

SONNETS

9 ✓

There was never ffle : half so well filed,
 To file a file for every smythes intent :
 As I was made a filing instrument :
 To frame othrs while I was begiled.
 But reason hath at my follie smyled :
 And pardond me sins that I me repent.
 Of my lost yeres, and tyme myspent :
 For yeuth did me lede and falshode guyded,
 Yet this trust I have of full great apearance :
 Syns that decept is ay retourneable,
 Of very force it is aggreable ;
 That therewithal be done the recompence.
 Then gile begiled plained should be never,
 And the reward litle trust for ever.

10 ✓

Som fowles there be that have so perfaict sight
 Agayn the Sonne their lyes for to defend,
 And som because the light doeth them offend,
 Do never pere but in the darke or nyght.
 Other reioyse that se the fyer bright,
 And wene to play in it as they do pretend,
 And fynde the contrary of it that they intend ;
 Alas of that sort I may be by right,
 For to withstond her loke I ame not able,
 And yet can I not hide me in no darke place,
 Remembraunce so foloweth me of that face ;
 So that with tery yen, swolne and unstable,
 My destyne to behold her doeth me lede,
 Yet do I knowe I run into the glede.

11

Because I have the still kept fro lyes and blame :
 And to my power alwaies have I the honoured ;
 Unkynd tong ! right ill hast thou me rendred ;
 For suche desert to do me wrek and shame.
 In nede of succor moost when that I ame,
 To aske reward, then standest thou like oon aferd :
 Alway moost cold, and if thou speke towerd,
 It is as in dreame, unperfaict and lame.
 And ye salt teres, again my will eche nyght
 That are with me, when fayn I would be alone :
 Then are ye gone when I should make my mone.
 And you, so reddy sighes to make me shrigh, t
 Then are ye slake when that ye shulde owtestert,
 And onely my loke declareth my hert.

Ifynde no peace and all my warr is done,
 I fere and hope, I burn and freise like yse,
 I fley above the wynde, yet can I not arrise,
 And nocht I have and all the worold I seson ;
 That loseth nor locketh holdeth me in prison ;
 And holdeth me not ; yet can I scape nowise :
 Nor letteth me lyve nor dye at my devise :
 And yet of deth it gyveth me occasion.
 Withoute lyea I se ; and withoute tong I plain :
 I desire to perisse, and yet I aske helthe ;
 I love an othr : and thus I hate myself ;
 I fede me in sorrowe : and laughe in all my pain :
 Likewise displeaseth me boeth deth and lyff :
 And my delite is causer of this stryff.

SONNETS

13

Though I my self be bridilled of my mynde,
 Retorning me backward by force expresse;
 If thou seke honor to kepe thy promes,
 Who may thee hold my hert but thou thyself unbind.
 Sigh thou no more, syns no way man may fynde
 Thy vertue to let: though that frowerdnes
 Of ffortune me holdeth; and yet, as I may gesse,
 Though other be present, thou art not all behinde.
 Suffice it then that thou be redy there
 At all howres: still under the defence
 Of tyme, trowth, and love, to save thee from
 offence:

Cryeng "I burne in a lovely desire
 With my maisteres"; that may not followe;
 Whereby his absence torneth him to sorrowe.

14

My galy charged with forgetfulnes,
 Thorough sharpe sees, in wynter nyghtes doeth pas,
 Twene Rock and Rock: and eke myn enemy, alas,
 That is my Lorde, sterith with cruelnes.
 And every owre a thought in redines:
 As tho that deth were light in suche a case;
 An endles wynd doeth tere the sayll a pase,
 Of forced sightes and trusty ferefulnes.
 A rayn of teris: a clowde of derk disdain,
 Hath done the wered cordes great hinderaunce:
 Wrethed with error and eke with ignoraunce.
 The starres be hid that led me to this pain:
 Drowned is reason that should me comfort:
 And I remain dispering of the port.

13

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

15 ✓

Avysing the bright bemes of these fayer Iyes,
 Where he is that myn oft moisteth and wassheth,
 The werid mynde streight from the hert departeth,
 For to rest in his woroldly paradise ;
 And fynde the swete bitter under this gyse.
 What webbes he hath wrought well he perceveth :
 Whereby with himself on love he playneth :
 That spurreth with fyer and bridilleth with Ise.
 Thus is it in suche extremitie brought ;
 In frossen though nowe, and nowe it stondeth in flame :
 Twyst misery and welth twyst earnest and game ;
 But few glad, and many a dyvers thought.
 With sore repentaunce of his hardines :
 Of suche a rote cometh ffruyte fruytles.

16 ✓

Ever myn happ is slack and slo in comyng
 Desir encresing, myn hope uncertain :
 That leve it or wayt, it doeth me like pain ;
 And Tigre like, swift it is in parting.
 Alas, the snow shalbe black and scalding ;
 The See waterles : fisse in the montain ;
 The Tamys shall return back into his fontain ;
 And where he rose the sonne shall take lodging ;
 Ere that I in this fynde peace or quyetenis,
 Or that love, or my lady rightwisely,
 Leve to conspire again me wrongfully ;
 And if that I have after suche bitternis
 Any thing swete ; my mouth is owte of tast :
 And all my trust and travaill is but wast.

14

SONNETS

17 ✓

Love and fortune and my mynde, remembr
 Of that that is nowe, with that, that hath ben,
 Do torment me so that I very often
 Envy them beyonde all mesure.
 Love sleith myn hert; fortune is depriver
 Of all my comfort; the folisshe mynde then
 Burneth and plaineth, as one that sildam
 Lyveth in rest still in displeasure.
 My pleasaunt dayes they flete away and passe,
 But daily yet the ill doeth chaunge into the wours;
 And more than the half is run of my cours.
 Alas, not of steill, but of brickell glasse,
 I see that from myn hand falleth my trust:
 And all my thoughtes are dassed into dust.

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18 ✓

How oft have I, my dere and cruell foo,
 With those your lyes, for to get peace and truye,
 Profferd you myn herte but you do not use
 Emong so high thinges to cast your mynde so lowe.
 Yf any othr loke for it, as ye trowe,
 There vayn weke hope doeth greatly them abuse:
 And thus I disdain that that ye refuse:
 It was ons myn it can no more be so.
 Yf I then it chase, nor it in you can fynde
 In this exile no manner of comfort:
 Nor lyve alone nor where he is called resort;
 He may wander from his naturall kynd.
 So shall it be great hurt unto us twayn,
 And yowres the losse and myn the dedly pain.

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Like to these unmesurable montayns,
 Is my painfull lyff the burden of Ire,
 For of great height be they, and high is my desire;
 And I of teres, and they be full of fontayns;
 Under craggy rockes they have full barren playns:
 Hard thoughtes in me, my wofull mynde doeth tyre;
 Small fruyt and many leues their toppes do atyre:
 Small effect with great trust in me remainys.
 The boyseus wyndes oft their high bowghes do blast:
 Hote sighes from me continuely be shed;
 Cattell in them: and in me love is fed;
 Immoveable ame I: and they are full stedfast;
 Of that restles birdes they have the tune and note:
 And I alwayes plaintes that passe thorough my
 throte.

The lyvely sperkes that issue from those lyes,
 Against the which ne vaileth no defence,
 Have prest myn hert and done it none offence,
 With quaking pleasur more than ons or twise.
 Was never man could anything devise
 The sonne bemes to torn with so great vehemence,
 To dase mans sight, as by their bright presence.
 Dased ame I, muche like unto the gyse
 Of one ystricken with dynt of lightening:
 Blynded with the stroke, erryng here and there,
 So call I for helpe, I not when ne where,
 The pain of my falt patiently bering.
 For after the blase, as is no wounder
 Of dedly nay here I the ferefull thounder.

SONNETS

21

Suche vayn thought as wonted to myslede me :
 In desert hope by well assured mone :
 Maketh me from compayne to live alone :
 In folowing hir whome reason bid me fle.
 She fleith as fast by gentill crueltie :
 And after her myn hert would fain be gone :
 But armed sighes my way do stoppe anon :
 Twixt hope and drede lacking my libertie.
 Yet, as I gesse, under disdaynfull browe,
 One beame of pitie is in her cloudy loke,
 Which comforteth the mynde that erst for fere
 shoke.
 And, therewithall bolded, I seke the way how
 To utter the smert that I suffre within ;
 But suche it is I not how to begyn.

22

Abide and abide and better abide,
 And, after the olde proverbe, the happie daye :
 And ever my ladye to me dothe saye,
 " Let me alone and I will provyde.
 I abide and abide and tarrye the tyde
 And with abiding spede well ye maye :
 Thus do I abide I wott allwaye,
 Nother obtayning nor yet denied.
 Aye me ! this long abidyng
 Semithe to me as who sayethe
 A prolonging of a dieng dethe,
 Or a refusing of a desyred thing.
 Moche ware it bettre for to be playne,
 Then to saye abide and yet shall not obtayne.

Dyvers dothe use as I have hard and kno,
 When that to chaunge ther ladies do beginne,
 To mone and waile, and never for to lynne,
 Hoping therby to pease ther painefull woo.
 And some ther be, that when it chaunceth soo
 That women chaunge, and hate wher love hath bene,
 Thei call them fals, and think with wordes to wyne
 The hartes of them wich otherwhere doth goo.
 But as for me, though that by chaunse indede
 Change hath out-worne the favor that I had,
 I will not wayle, lament, nor yet be sad,
 Nor call her fals that falsley ded me fede;
 But let it passe and think it is of kinde,
 That often chaunge doeth plese a womans minde.

Mye love toke skorne my servise to retaine
 Wherin me thought she usid crueltie :
 Sins with good will I lost my libretye
 To followe her wich causith all my payne.
 Might never care cause me for to refrayne :
 But onlye this wich is extremytye :
 Gyving me nought, alas, nor to agre
 That as I was her man I might remayne.
 But sins that thus ye list to ordre me,
 That wolde have bene your servaunt true and faste,
 Displese the not, my doting dayes bee paste :
 And with my losse to leve I must agre.
 For as there is a certeyne tyme to rage.
 So ys ther tyme suche madnes to aswage.

SONNETS

25 ✓

To rayle or jest ye know I use it not
 Tho that such cause somtyme in folkes I finde :
 And tho to chaunge ye list to sett your minde,
 Love yt who liste, in faithe I like yt not.
 And if ye ware to me as ye are not,
 I wolde be lothe to se you so unkinde ;
 But sins your faith muste nedes be so, be kinde.
 Though I hate it, I praye you love yt not.
 Things of grete waight I never thought to crave :
 This is but small : of right denye it not :
 Your fayning wayis as yet forget them not,
 But like rewarde let other lovers have.
 That is to saye : for servis true and faste
 To long delaies and chaunging at the laste.

26 ✓

Unstable dreme, according to the place,
 Be stedfast ons : or els at leist be true :
 By tasted swetenes make me not to rew
 The sudden losse of thy fals fayned grace.
 By goode respect, in such a daungerous case,
 Thou broughtes not her into this tossing mew ;
 But madest my sprite lyve my care to renew,
 My body in tempest her succor to embrace.
 The body ded, the spryt had his desir
 Paynles was thon : thotr in delight ;
 Why then, alas, did it not kepe it right,
 Retorning to lepe into the fire ?
 And where it was at wysshe it could not remain,
 Such mockes of dremes they torne to dedly pain.

19

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

27 ✓

You that in love finde lucke and habundaunce,
 And live in lust and joyful jolitie,
 Arise, for shame, do away your sluggardie ;
 A rise, I say, do may some observaunce !
 Let me in bed lye dreeming in mischaunce ;
 Let me remembre the happs most unhappy,
 That me betide in May most comonly,
 As oon whome love list litil to advaunce.
 Sephanes saide true that my nativitie
 Mischaunced was with the ruler of the May :
 He gest, I prove of that, the veritie ;
 In May, my welth, and eke my liff I say
 Have stonde so oft in such perplexitie.
 Reioyse ! let me dreame of your felicitie.

28 ✓

If waker care ; if sodayne pale Coulor ;
 If many sighes, with litle speche to playne,
 Now Joy, now woo if they my chere distayne,
 For hope of small, if mucche to fere therfore ;
 To hast to slake my passe lesse or more,
 By signe of love, then do I love agayne.
 If thou ask whome ; sure, sins I did refrayne
 Brunet, that set my welth in such a rore,
 Thunfayned chere of Phillis hath the place
 That Brunet had ; she hath and ever shal.
 She from my self now hath me in her grace :
 She hath in hand my witt, my will, my all :
 My hert alone wel worthie she doeth staye,
 Without whose helpe, skant do I live a daye.

20

SONNETS

29 ✓

The piller pearishd is whearto I lent :
 The strongest staye of myne unquyet mynde ;
 The lyke of it no man agayne can fynde,
 Ffrom East to West, still seking thoughe he went.
 To myne unhappe ! for happe away hath rent
 Of all my joye, the verye bark and rynde ;
 And I (alas) by chaunce am thus assynde
 Dearlye to moorne till death do it relent.
 But syns that thus it is by destenye,
 What can I more but have a wofull hart,
 My penne in playnt, my voyce in wofull crye,
 My mynde in woe, my bodye full of smart.
 And I my self, my self alwayes to hate
 Till dreadfull death, do ease my dolefull state.

30 ✓

Such is the course that natures kind hath wrought
 That snakes have time to cast away their stynge ;
 Ainst chaine prisoners what nede defence be sought ?
 The fierce lyon will hurt no yelden thinges.
 Why shoulde such spite be nursed in thy thought,
 Sith all these powers are prest under thy winges ;
 And thou seest and reason thee hath taught
 What mischief malice many waies it bringes.
 Consider eke that spight availeth naught ;
 Therefore this song thy fault to thee it singes ;
 Displease thee not, for sayng thus, me thought,
 Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth springes ;
 For furies that in hell be execrable,
 For that they hate are made most miserable.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

31 ✓

The flaming sighes that boyle within my brest
 Sometime breake forth; and they can well declare
 The hartes unrest, and how that it doth fare,
 The pain therof, the grief, and all the rest.

The watred eyen, from whence the teares doe fall,
 Do fele some force or els they would be drye :
 The wasted flesh of color ded can trye.
 And something tell what swetenesse is in gall.

And he that luste to see, and do disarne,
 How care can force within a weried minde,
 Come he to me :—I am that place assynd.

But for all this no force it doth no harme ;
 The wound alas happe in some other place,
 From whence no toole away the skar can race.

But you, that of such like have had your part, ✓
 Can best be judge : wherefore, my frend so deare,
 I thought it good my state should now appeare
 To you, and that ther is no great desart.

And wher as you, in weighty matters great
 Of fortune saw the shadow that you know :
 For trifling thinges, I now am striken so ;
 That though I fele my hart doth wound and beat,

I sit alone, save on the second day
 My fever comes, with whom I spend the time
 In burning heat while that she list assigne.

And who hath helth and libertie alway
 Let him thank God, and let him not provoke
 To have the like of this my painfull stroke.

EPIGRAMS

1

Who hath herd of suche crueltye before?
That when my plaint remembred her my woo
That caused it; she, cruell more and more,
Wished eche stitche, as she did sit and soo,
Had prykt myn hert for to encrease my sore.
And, as I thinck, she thought it had ben so:
For as she thought: "This is his hert in dede":
She pricked herd, and made herself to blede.

2

She sat and sowde that hath done me the wrong:
Whereof I plain, and have done many a daye:
And whilst she herd my plaint in pitious song,
Wished my hert the samplar as it lay.
The blind maister whome I have served so long:
Grudging to here that he did here her saye;
Made her own wepon do her fynger blede,
To fele if pricking were so good in dede.

3

Alas madame for stelyng of a kysse,
Have I somuch your mynd then offended?
Have I then done so greuously amyssse,
That by no meanes it may be amended?
Then revenge you: and the next way is this:
An othr kysse shall have my lyffe endid.
For to my mowth the first my hert did suck,
The next shall clene oute of my brest it pluck.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

4 ✓

The wandering gadlyng in the sommer tyde,
That fyndes the Adder with his recheles fote,
Startes not dismayd so soudenly a side
As Jalous dispite did, tho there war no bote,
When that he sawe me sitting by her side,
That of my helth is very croppe and rote.
It pleased me then to have so fair a grace,
To stying that hert, that would have my place.

5 ✓

What nedeth these threning wordes and wasted wynde :
All this cannot make me restore my pray :
To robbe your good I wis is not my mynde :
Nor causeles your fair hand did I display.
Let love be judge, or els whome next we meit ;
That may boeth here what you and I can say :
She toke from me an hert ; and I a glove from her ;
Let us se nowe, if thon) be wourth thothr.

6 ✓

Ryght true it is : and said full yore agoo :
" Take hede of him that by thy back the claweth " ;
For none is wourse than is a frendely ffoo :
Though they seme good : all thing that thee deliteth :
Yet knowe it well, that in thy bosom crepeth ;
For many a man such fier oft knydeleth,
That with the blase his berd syngeth.

EPIGRAMS

7

What wourde is that that chaungeth not,
 Though it be tourned and made in twain?
 It is myn aunswer, God it wot,
 And eke the causer of my payn.
 A love rewardeth with disdain :
 Yet is it loved : what would ye more :
 It is my helth eke and my sore.

8

Aladye gave me a gyfte she had not ;
 And I receyvid her guifte I toke not :
 She gave it me willinglye and yet she wold not :
 And I receyvid it albeit I coulde not.
 If she geve it me I force not :
 And if she take it agayne she cares not :
 Conster what this is : and tell not :
 For I am fast sworne I maye not.

9

Some tyme I fled the fyre that me brent,
 By see by land, by water and by wynd ;
 And now I folow the coles that be quent,
 From Dovor to Calais against my mynde.
 Lo how desire is boeth sprong and spent ;
 And he may se that whilome was so blynd :
 And all his labor now he laugh to scorne
 Mashed in the breers that erst was all to-torne.

10 ✓

He is not ded that somtyme hath a fall :
 The sonne retornth that was under the clowde :
 And when fortune hath spitt oute all her gall,
 I trust good luck to me shalbe allowede.
 For I have sene a shipp into haven fall,
 After the storme hath broke boeth mast and shrowde :
 And eke the willowe that stowpith with the wynde,
 Doeth ryse again, and greater wode doeth bynd.

11 ✓

The furyous gonne, in his raging yre,
 When that the bowle is ramed in to sore
 And that the flame cannot part from the fire,
 Cracketh in sonder : and in the ayer doeth rore
 The shevered peces : right so doeth my desire,
 Whose flame encreseth from more to more.
 Wych to let owt I dare not loke nor speke ;
 So now hard force my hert doeth all to breke.

12 ✓

Thenmy of liff, decayer of all kynde,
 That with his cold withers away the grene :
 This othr nyght me in my bed did fynde,
 And offered me to rid my fever clene.
 And I did graunt : so did dispaire me blynde.
 He drew his bowe with arrowe sharp and kene,
 And strake the place where love had hit befor,
 And drave the first dart deper more and more.

EPIGRAMS

13 ✓

Nature that gave the bee so seet a grace
 To fynd hony of so wonderous fasshion;
 Hath taught the spider oute of the same place
 To fetche poyson, by strayinge alteration;
 Tho this be strayinge, it is a straynger case,
 With oon kysse, by secret operation,
 Boeth these at ons, in those your lippes to fynde;
 In change whereof, I leve my hert behinde.

14 ✓

Desire alas, my master and my foo
 So sore alterd thi selff how mayst thou se?
 Some tyme I sought that dryvis me to and fro;
 Some tyme thow ledst that ledyth the and me.
 What reson is to rewle thy subiectes so?
 By forcyd law and mutabilite?
 For where by the I dowtyd to have blame,
 Evyn now by hate agayne I dowl the same.

15 ✓

Venemus thornes that ar so sharp and kene,
 Sometyme ber flowers fayre and fresh of hue:
 Poyson offtyme is put in medecene,
 And causith helth in man for to renue;
 Ffire that purgith allthing that is unclene,
 May hele and hurt: and if thes bene true,
 I trust somtyme my harme may be my helth:
 Syns evry wo is joynid with some welth.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

16 ✓

In dowlfull brest, whilst moderly pitie,
 With furyous famyn stondyth at debate
 Sayth thebrew moder : " O child unhappy
 " Retorne thi blowd where thou hadst milk of late ;
 " Yeld me those lym that I made unto thee,
 " And entre there where thou wert generat ;
 " For of on body agaynst all nature,
 " To a nothr must I make sepulture.

17 ✓

Off Cartage he, that worthie warier
 Could overcome, but cowlde not use his chaunce ;
 And I, like wise off all my long endeuer,
 The sherpe conquest, tho fortune did avaunce,
 Could not it use : the hold that is gyvin over
 I unpossest : so hangith in balaunce
 Off warr my pees, reward of all my payne ;
 At Mountzon thus I restles rest in Spayne.

18

Ilede a liff unpleasant, nothing glad :
 Crye and complaynt offerre voydes Joyfulnesse :
 So chaungethe unrest that nought shall fade :
 Payne and dyspyse hathe altered plesantnes :
 Ago, long synnys that she hathe truly made
 Disdayne for trowght, sett lyght yn stedfastnes,
 I have cause goode to syng this song :
 Playne or reioyse, who felythe wele or wrong.

EPIGRAMS

19 ✓

From the hie hilles as when a spryng doth fall,
 It tryllyth downe with still and suttill corse :
 Off this and that it gaders ay, and shall,
 Iyll it have just off flowd the streme, and forse,
 Then at the fote it ragith over all ;
 So faryth love when he hath tan a sorse ;
 His rayne is rage, resistans valyth none ;
 The first estew is remedy alone.

20 ✓

Tagus, fare well, that westward with thy stremis,
 Torns up the grayns of gold alreedy tryd :
 With spurr and sayle for I go seke the Temis,
 Gaynward the sonne that showth her welthi pryde :
 And to the town which Brutus sowght by dremis.
 Like bendyd mone doth lend her lusty syde ;
 My Kyng my Contry alone for whome I lyve :
 Of myghty love the winges for this me gyve.

21 ✓

Off purpos Love chase first for to be blynd ;
 For he with syght of that that I behold,
 Vanquisht had bene against all godly kynd ;
 His bow, your hand, and trusse shold have unfold :
 And he with me to serve had bene assind.
 But, for he blind and rekelesse wold him hold,
 And still by chaunce his dedly strokes bestow,
 With such as see I serve and suffer wow.

29

Vulcane bygat me : Mynerva me taught
 Nature, my mother : craft norischt me yere by yere
 Thre bodyes ar my fode : my strength is in naught :
 Angre, wrath, wast, and noyse are my children dere
 Gesse frend what I ame and how I ame wrought :
 Monstere of see or of lande or of els where ?
 Know me and use me and I may the defend
 And if I be thine enmye, I may thy life ende.

All yn thi sight my lif doth hole depende ;
 Thou hidist thyself and I must dye therefore ;
 But sins thou maiste so easely save thy frende,
 Why dost thou styk to salv that thou madist sore ?
 Whye doo I dye sins thou maist me deffende ?
 For if I dye, then maiste thou lyve no more :
 Sins ton bye tothr doth lyve and fede thy herte,
 I with thye sight, thou also with my smerte.

The fructe of all the servise that I serve
 Dispaire doeth repe, such haples hap have I ;
 But tho he have no powre to make me swarve.
 Yet by the fire for colde I fele I dye :
 In paradis for hunger still I sterve :
 And in the flowde for thurste to deth I drye ;
 So Tantalus ane I and yn worse payne,
 Amyds my helpe, and helples doth remayne.

EPIGRAMS

25 ✓

Within my brest I never thought it gain
 Of gentle mynde the fredom for to lose ;
 Nor in my hart sanck never such disdain
 To be a forger, faultes for to disclose ;
 Nor I can not endure the truth to glose :
 To set a glosse upon an earnest pain :
 Nor I am not in number one of those,
 That list to blow retrete to every train.

26 ✓

For shamefast harm of great and hatefull nede :
 In depe despayre, as did a wretch go,
 With ready corde, out of his life to spede :
 His stumbling foote did finde an hoorde, lo,
 Of golde I say : where he preparde this dede ;
 And in exchange, he left the corde, tho
 He that had hidde the golde, and founde it not,
 Of that he founde, he shapte his neck a knot.

27 ✓

My love ys lyke unto theternall fyre :
 And I as those whyche therin do remayn :
 Whose grevous payne ys but theyre gret desyre,
 To se the syght whyche they may not attayn.
 So in helles heate my self I fele to be,
 That am restraynd, by gret extremyte,
 The syght of her whyche ys so dere to me.
 O puissant love and power of gret avayle
 By whome hell may be felit or dethe assayle.

31

In court to serve decked with freshe aray,
 Of sugred meates felyng the swete repast;
 The life in bankets and sundry kindes of play,
 Amid the presse of lordly lokes to waste,
 Hath with it joynde oft times such bitter taste,
 That who so ioyes such kinde of life to holde,
 In prison ioyes fettred with cheines of gold.

A face that shuld content me wonders well,
 Shuld not be faire but lovelie to behold:
 With gladsome cheare all grief for to expell:
 With sober lookes so wold I that it should
 Speake without wordes, such wordes as non can tell;
 The tresse also shuld be of crysped gold:
 With witt: and thus might chaunce I might be tyde
 And knyght agayne the knott that should not slide.

Luckles my faire falcon and your fellowes all,
 How well pleasaunt yt were your libertie!
 Ye not forsake me that faire might ye befall;
 But they that sometyme lykt my companie,
 Like lyse away from ded bodies, thei crall,
 Loe what a profe in light adversytie!
 But ye my birdes, I swear, by all your belles
 Ye be my fryndes, so be but few elles.

EPIGRAMS

31

Sighes ar my foode : drynke are my teares
Clynkinge of fetters suche musycke wolde crave :
Stynke and close ayer away my lyf wears :
Innocencie is all the hope I have.
Rayne, wynde or wether I judge by myne eares.
Mallice assaulted that righteousnes should have,
Sure I am Brian, this wounde shall heale agayne,
But yet, alas, the scarre shall styll remayne.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS^v

1528-1536

I

(1)

A las the greiff and dedly wofull smert :
The carefull chaunce shapen afore my shert ;
The sorrowfull teares, the sighes hote as fyer,
That cruell love hath long soked from myn hert.
And for reward of our greate desire
Disdayful dowblenes have I for my hier.

(2)

O lost servis, O payn ill rewarded :
O pitifull hert with payn enlarged :
O faithfull mynde, too sodenly assented :
Retourn, alas sithens thou are not regarded :
Too great a prouf of true faith presented,
Causeth by right suche faith to be repented.

(3)

O cruell causer of undeserved change,
By greet desire unconstantly to raunge :
Is this your way for prouf of stedfastnes ?
(Perdy you knowe the thing was not so straunge
By former prouff) too muche my faithfulnes ;
What nedeth then suche coloured dowblenes ?

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

(4)

I have wailed thus, weping in nyghtly payn :
In sobbes and sighes, Alas ! and all in vayn :
In inward plaint and hertes wofull torment :
And yet, alas, lo crueltie and disdayn
Have set at nocht a faithfull true intent,
And price hath privilege trouth to prevent.

(5)

But though I sterve : and to my deth still morne :
And pece mele in peces though I be torn :
And though I dye yelding my weried gooste
Shall never thing again make me return.
I qwite the entreprise of that that I have lost,
To whome so ever lust for to proffer moost.

2

Orestfull place : renewer of my smart :
O labours salve : increasing my sorowe :
O bodyes ease : O troobler of my hart ;
Peaser of mynde : of myne unquyet fo :
Refuge of payene : remember of my wo :
Of care coomefort : where I dispayer my part ;
The place of slepe : wherin I doo but wake.
Bysprent with teares, my bedde I thee forsake.

3 ✓

(1)

The restfull place, revyver of my smarte :
The labors salve, inccessyng my sorow :
The bodys ese, and trobler off my hart :

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

Quieter of mynd, and my unquyet foo :
Fforgetter of payn, remembryng my woo :
The place of slepe, wherin I do but wake
Be sprent with teres, my bed, I the forsake.

(2)

The frost, the snow, may not redresse my hete :
Nor yet no heate abate my fervent cold :
I know nothyng to ese my paynes mete :
Eche care cawsythe increse by twenty fold :
Revyvyng carys upon my sorows old,
Suche overthwart affectes they do me make :
By sprent with terys my bed for to forsake.

(3)

Yet helpythe yt not : I fynd no better ese
In bed or owt ; thys moste cawsythe my payn :
Where most I seke how beste that I may plesse,
My lost labor, alas, ys all in vayne :
Yet that I gave I cannot call agayn :
No place fro me my greffe away can take
Wherefore with terys my bed I the forsake.

4

✓

LOVE'S ARRAIGNMENT

(1)

Myne olde dere en'my, my froward master,
Afore that Quene, I caused to be acited ;
Whiche holdeth the divine parte of nature :
That lyke as goolde, in fyre he mought be tryed.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Changed with dolour, theare I me presented
With horrible feare, as one that greatlye dreadith
A wrongfull death, and justice alwaye seekethe.

(2)

And thus I sayde : " once my lefte foote Madame,
When I was yonge I sett within his reigne ;
Whearbye other than fierlye burninge flame,
I never felt but many a greevous payne ;
Tourment I suffred, angre, and disdayne,
That myne oppressed patience was past,
And I myne owne life hated at the last.

(3)

Thus hytherto have I my time passed
In payne and smarte. What wayes proffitable :
How many pleasant dayes have me escaped ;
In serving this false lyer so deceavable ?
What witt have wordes so pressed and forceable,
That may contayne my great myshappynesse,
And just complayntes of his ungentlenesse ?

(4)

O ! small hony, much aloes, and gall :
In bitternes have my blynde lyfe taisted
His fals swetenes, that torneth as a ball,
With the amourous dawnce have made me traced ;
And where I had my thought, and mynde ataced,
From all erthely frailnes, and vain pleasur,
He toke me from rest and set me in error.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

(5)

He hath made me regarde God mucche lesse then I ought
And to my self to take right litle heede,
And, for a Woman, have I set at nought
All othr thoughtes : in this onely to spede ;
And he was onely counceillor of this dede ;
Alwayes whetting my youthely desyer
On the cruell whetstone tempered with fier.

(6)

But alas where now had I ever wit ?
Or els any othr gift geven me of nature ?
That souner shall chaunge my weryed sprite,
Then the obstinate will that is my rueler ?
So robbed my libertie with displeasure
This wicked traytor, whom I thus accuse,
That bitter liffe have torned me in pleasaunt use.

(7)

He hath chased me thorough dyvers regions ;
Thorough desert wodes, and sherp high mountaignes,
Thorough froward people and straitte pressions :
Thorough rocky sees : over hilles and playnes :
With wery travaill, and labourous paynes :
Alwayes in trouble and in tediousnes,
In all error and daungerous distres.

(8)

But nother he nor she my tothr ffoo,
For all my flyght did ever me forsake ;
That though tymely deth hath ben to sloo,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

That as yet it hath me not overtake ;
The hevynly goodenes of pitie do it slake.
And note this, his cruell extreme tyranny,
That fedeth hym with my care and mysery.

(9)

Syns I was his : owre rested I never,
Nor loke for to do ; and eke the waky nyghtes,
The bannysshed slepe, may no wyse recover.
By decepte, and by force, over my sprites,
He is rueler ; and syns there never bell strikes
Where I ame, that I here not, my playntes to renewe,
And he himself he knoweth that I say is true.

(10)

Ffor never wormes have an old stock eaten,
As he my hert, wher he is alwaye resident ;
And doeth the same with deth daely thretyn ;
Thens come the teres, and the bitter torment,
The sighes, the wordes, and eke the languisshement,
That annoye boeth me and peradeventure othr ;
Judge thou that knowest thone and thothr.

(11)

Myn adversary, with grevous reprouff,
Thus he began : " Here, Lady, tothr part :
" That the plain trueth from which he draweth allowff,
This unkynd man shall shew, ere that I part,
In yonge age I toke him from that art
That selleth wordes, and maketh a clattering knyght,
And of my welth I gave him the delight.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAAT

(12)

Nowe, shameth he not on me for to complain,
That held him evermore in pleasaunt game
From his desire, that myght have been his payne;
Yet onely thereby I broght him to some frame:
Which, as wretchednes, he doth greatly blame;
And towerd honor I quickened his wit:
Where els, as a daskard, he might have sitt.

(13)

He knoweth: that Atrides, that made Troye frete:
And Hannyball, to Rome so trobelous:
Whome Homere honoured, Achilles that grete:
And the Affricane Scipion the famous:
And many other, by much vertue glorious
Whose fame and honor did bryng them above,
I did let fall, in base dishonest love.

(14)

And unto him, though he no dele worthy ware,
I chose right the best of many à mylion:
That under the mone was never her pere
Of wisdom, womanhede and discretion;
And of my grace I gave her suche a façon,
And eke suche a way I taught her for to teche
That never base thought his hert myght have reche.

(15)

Evermore thus to content his maistres,
That was his onely frame of honestie.
I sterred him still towerd gentilnes,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

And caused him to regard fidelitie ;
Patiens I taught him in adversite ;
Suche vertues he lerned in my great schole
Whereof he repenteth, the ignoraunt ffole.

(16)

These were the deceptes and the bitter gall
That I have used ; the torment and the anger ;
Sweter then for to in joye eny othr in all.
Of right goode seede ill fruyte I gather ;
And so hath he, that thunkynd doeth forther.
I norisse a serpent under my wyng,
And of his nature now gynneth he to styng.

(17)

And for to tell at last my great servise :
From thousand dishonestes I have him drawn ;
That by my means in no maner of wyse,
Never vile pleasur him hath overthrowen ;
Where in his dede, shame hath him alwaies ynawen,
Dowbting reporte, that should com to her eare ;
Whome now he accuseth he wouted to fere.

(18)

What soever he hath of any honest custume
Of her and me, that holdeth he every wit :
But lo, there was never nyghtely fantorme
So ferr in errour, as he is from his wit :
To plain on us ; He stryveth with the bit
Which may ruell him, and do him pleasur and payn
And in oon oure make all his grief remayn.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(19)

But oon thing there is above all othr :

I gave him winges, wherwith for to flye
To honor and fame : and if he would farther
Then mortall thinges, above the starry sky ;
Considering the pleasur that an Iye
Myght geve in erthe, by reason of his love,
What shuld that be that lasteth still above ?

(20)

And he the same himself hath sayed, or this :

But now forgotten is boeth that, and I,
That gave her him, his onely welth and blisse."
And at this worde, with dedly shrigh and cry :
" Thou gave her me," qwod I, " but by and by "
" Thou toke her streight from me : that wo worth thee ! "
" Not I," quoth he ; " but price, that is well worth."

(21)

At last : boeth eche for himself concluded :

I, trembling : but he, with small reverence :
" Lo thus as we have nowe eche othr accused,
" Dere lady, we wayt onely thy sentence."
She smyling : " After thissaid audience
" It liketh me," quod she, " to have herd your question
" But lenger tyme doeth aske resolution."

5 v

(1)

Farewell, the rayn of crueltie :
Though that with pain my libertie
Dere have I bough : yet shall suretie
Conduyt my thoght of Joyes nede.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

(2)

Of force I must forsake pleasure :
A goode cause iust syns I endure
Thereby my woo : which be ye sure
Shall therewith goo me to recure.

(3)

I fare as oon escaped that fleith :
Glad that is gone, yet stille fereth
Spied to be cawght : and so dredeth
That he for nought his pain leseth.

(4)

In joyfull pain reioyse myn hert
Thus to sustain of eche apart ;
Let not this song from the estert ;
Welcome emong my plaisaunt smert.

6

It may be good, like it who list,
But I do dowbt who can me blame :
For oft assured, yet have I myst,
And now again I fere the same ;
The wyndy wordes, the les quaynt game,
Of soden change maketh me agast ;
For dred to fall I stond not fast.

Alas I tred an endles maze
That seketh to accorde two contraries ;
And hope still and nothing hase
Imprisoned in libertes ;
As con unhard, and still that cries :
Alwaies thursty, and yet nothing I tast ;
For dred to fall I stond not fast.

43

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

Assured, I dowbt I be not sure ;
And should I trust to suche suretie,
That oft hath put the prouff in ure,
And never hath founde it trusty ?
Nay Sir in faith it were great foly.
And yet my liff thus I do wast,
For dred to fall I stond not fast.

7

Resound my voyse ; ye wodes that here me plain :
Boeth hilles and vales causing reflexion ;
And Ryvers eke record ye of my pain :
Which have ye oft forced by compassion,
As Judges to here myn exclamation :
Emong whome pitie I fynde doeth remayn :
Where I it seke, Alas there is disdain.

Oft ye Revers : to here my wofull sounde
Have stopt your course : and plainly to expresse
Many a tere by moystor of the gronde,
The erth hath wept to here my hevenes :
Which causeles to suffre without redresse,
The howyy okes have rored in the wynde :
Eche thing methought complayning in their kynde.

Why then helas doeth not she on me rew ?
Or is her hert so herd, that no pitie
May in it synke my Joye for to renew ?
O stony hert, ho hath this joynd the ?
So cruell, that art : cloked with beaultie ;
No grace to me from the there may procede,
But as rewarded deth for to be my mede.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

8 ✓

(1)

In faith I wot not well what to say,
Thy chaunces ben so wonderous;
Thou Fortune, with thy dyvers play,
That causeth joyfull dolours;
And eke the same right joyus;
Yet though thy chayn hathe me enwrapt,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt!

(2)

Though thou me set for a wounder,
And sekest thy chaunge to do me payn;
Mens mynd yet may thou not order:
And honeste, and it remayne,
Shall shyne for all thy clowdy rayn;
In vayn thou sekest to have trapped,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well happed!

(3)

In hindering thou diddest fourther,
And made a gap where was a stile;
Cruell willes ben oft put under;
Wenyng to lowre thou diddist smyle.
Lorde! how thy self thou diddist begile,
That in thy cares wouldest me have lapped!
But spite of thy hap, hap hath well happed!

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

9 ✓

Madame withouten many wordes
Oons, I am sure, ye will or no :
And if ye will, then leve your bordes
And use your wit, and shew it so :
And with a beck ye shall me call ;
And if of oon that burneth alwaye
Ye have any pitie at all,
Aunswer him faire with ye or nay.
If it be ye, I shalbe fayne :
If it be nay, frendes as before ;
Ye shall an othr man obtain
And I myn owne and youres no more.

10 ✓

(1)

Suche happe as I ame happed in,
Had never man of trueth I wene ;
At me fortune list to begyn,
To shew that never hath ben sene,
A new kynde of unhappenes ;
Nor I cannot the thing I mene
Myself expres.

(2)

Myself expresse my dedely pain
That can I well, if that myght serve ;
But when I have not helpe again

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

That knowe I not, unles I starve ;
For honger still a myddes my foode
Is so graunted that I deserve
To do me good.

(3)

To do me good what may prevaill,
For I deserve and not desir,
And still of cold I me bewaill
And raked ame in burnyng fyre ;
For tho I have, suche is my lott,—
In hand to helpe that I require,
It helpeth not.

(4)

It helpeth not, but to encrease
That, that by prouff can be no more :
That is the hete that cannot cesse,
And that I have to crave so sore ;
What wonder is this gredy lust
To aske and have, and yet therefore
Refrain I must ?

(5)

Refrain I must ! What is the cause ?
Sure as they say " So hawkes be taught." "
But in my case laieth no suche clause,
For with suche craft I ame not caught :
Wherefore I say and good cause why,
With haples hand, no man hath raught
Suche happe as I.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

11 ✓

(1)

They fle from me, that sometye did me seke
With naked fote, stalking in my chambr.
I have sene them gentill, tame, and meke,
That now are wyld, and do not remembr
That sometye they put theimself in daunger
To take bred at my hand; and nowe they raunge
Besely seking with a continuell change.

(2)

Thancked be fortune it hath ben othrewise
Twenty tymes better; but ons, in speciall,
In thyn arraye, after a pleasaunt gyse,
When her lose gowne from her shoulders did fall,
And she me caught in her armes long and small,
Therewith all swetely did me kysse
And softely saide: "Dere hert howe like you this?"

(3)

It was no dreame: I lay brode waking
But all is torned, thorough my gentilnes,
Into a straunge fasshion of forsaking;
And I have leve to goo of her goodenes:
And she also to use new fangilnes;
But syns that I so kyndely am served,
I wold fain knowe what she hath deserved.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

12 ✓

(1)

There was never nothing more me payned,
Nor nothing more me moved,
As when my swete hert her complayned,
That ever she me loved.

Alas the while !

(2)

With pituous loke she saide, and sighed :

“ Alas what aileth me,
“ To love and set my welth so light
“ On hym that loveth not me.”

Alas the while !

(3)

“ Was I not well voyde of all pain
“ When that nothing me greved ?
“ And nowe with sorrows I must complain,
“ And cannot be releved.”

Alas the while !

(4)

“ My restfull nyghtes and joyfull daies,
“ Syns I began to love,
“ Be take from me ; all thing decayes
“ Yet can I not remove.”

Alas the while !

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(5)

She wept and wrong her handes withall;
The teres fell in my nekk;
She tordned her face and let it fall,
Scarsely therewith coulde speke.
Alas the while!

(6)

Her paynes tormented me so sore
That comfort had I none;
But cursed my fortune more and more
To se her sobbe and grone;
Alas the while!

13 ✓

(1)

Patience, tho I have not
The thing that I require,
I must of force, God wot,
Forbere my moost desire;
For no ways can I fynde
To saile againste the wynde

(2)

Patience, do what they will
To worke me woo or spite;
I shall content me still
To thyncke boeth day and nyte;
To thyncke and hold my peace,
Syne there is no redresse.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

(3)

Patience, withouten blame,
For I offended nought;
I knowe they knowe the same,
Though they have changed their thought.
Was ever thought so moved
To hate that it haith loved?

(4)

Patience of all my harme
For fortune is my foo;
Patience must be the charme
To hele me of my woo
Patience withoute offence
Is a painfull patience.

14 ✓

(1)

Paciens for my devise;
Impaciens for your part;
Of contraries, the gyse
Is ever the overthwart:
Paciens for I ame true:
The contrary for yew.

(2)

Paciens, a good cause why:
You have no cause at all,
Therefore you standeth awry,
Perchance sometyme to fall;
Paciens then take him up
And drynck of paciens cupp.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(3)

Pacience, no force for that,
But brusse your gowne again :
Pacience, spurne not therat :
Let no man knowe your payne :
Pacience, evyn at my pleasure,
When youres is owte of mesure.

(4)

Thothr was for me :
This patience is for you :
Change when ye list let se
For I have taken a new ;
Patience, with a good will,
Is easy to fullfill.

15

✓

(1)

Ye know my herte my ladye dere,
That sins the tyme I was your thrall,
I have bene yours both hole and clere,
Tho my rewarde hath bene but small :
So am I yet and more than all.
And ye kno well how I have served.
As yf ye prove, it shall apere
Howe well how longe
How faithefulye :
And soffred wrong
How patientlye !
Then sins that I have never swervid
Let not my paines be undeservid.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

(2)

Ye know also though ye saye naye
That you alone are my desire ;
And you alone it is that maye
Asswage my fervent flaming fire ;
Succour me then I you require.
Ye know it were a just request,
Sins ye do cause my heat I say.
If that I bourne
That ye will warme,
And not to tourne
All to my harme,
Sending suche flame from frosen brest
Against all right for my unrest.

(3)

And I know well how frowerdly
Ye have mistaken my true intent,
And hetherto how wrongfully
I have founde cause for to repent.
Butt deth shall ryd me redely,
If your hert do not relent ;
And I knowe well all this ye knowe,
That I and myne,
And all I have,
Ye may assiyne,
To spill or save.
Why are ye then so cruel ffoo
Unto your owne that loveth you so ?

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

16 ✓

(1)

If fancy would favor,
As my deserving shall;
My love, my paramor,
Should love me best of all.

(2)

But if I cannot attain
The grace that I desir;
Then may I well complain
My service and my hier.

(3)

Ffancy doeth knowe how
To fourther my trew hert;
If fancy myght avowe
With faith to take part.

(4)

But fansy is so fraill
And flitting still so fast;
That faith may not prevaill
To helpe me furst nor last.

(5)

Ffor fansy at his lust
Doeth rule all but by gesse,
Whereto should I then trust
In trowth or stedfastnes?

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

(6)

Yet gladdely would I please
The fansy of her hert;
That may me onely ease
And cure my carefull smart.

(7)

Therefore, my lady dere
Set ons your fantasy,
To make som hope appere
Of stedfastnes, remedy.

(8)

Ffor if he be my frend,
And undertake my woo,
My greif is at an end
If he continue so.

(9)

Elles fansy doeth not ryght,
As I deserve and shall;
To have you daye and nyght,
To love me best of all.

17

✓

(1)

At moost myschief
I suffre greif
For of relief,
Syns I have none;

55

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

My lute and I,
Continuelly,
Shall us apply
To sigh and mone.

(2)

Nought may prevaill,
To wepe or wail,
Pitie doeth faill,
In you, Alas!
Morning or mone,
Complaint or none,
It is all one,
As in thys case.

(3)

Ffor crueltie,
Moost that can be,
Hath soveraynte,
Within your hert;
Which maketh bare,
All my welfare;
Nought do you care
How sore I smart:

(4)

No Tigres hert,
Is so pervert,
Withoute desert
To wreke his Ire;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

And you me kyll
For my good will,
Lo how I spill
For my desir !

(5)

Ther is no love
That can ye move,
And I can prove,
None other way ;
Therefore I must
Restrain my lust,
Banisshe my trust,
And welth away.

(6)

For in myschief,
I suffer greif,
For of relief,
Syns I have none,
My lute and I
Continually,
Shall us apply
To sigh and mone.

18 ✓

(1)

Marvaill no more all tho
The songes I sing do mone,
For other liff then wo
I never proved none.

57

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(2)

And in my hert also
Is graven with lettres diepe :
A thousand sighes and mo
A flod of teres to wepe.

(3)

How may a man in smart
Fynde matter to rejoyse ?
How may a morning hert
Set forth a pleasaunt voise ?

(4)

Play who that can that part :
Nedes must in me appere
How fortune, overthwart,
Doeth cause my morning chere.

(5)

Perdy there is no man
If he never sawe sight,
That perfaictly tell can
The nature of the light.

(6)

Alas how should I then
That never tasted but sowre ;
But do as I began
Continuelly to lowre.

(7)

But yet perchance some chauce,
May chauce to chaunge my tune :
And when suche chauce doeth chauce
Then shall I thanck Fortune.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

(8)

And if I have chaunce,
Perchaunce ere it be long;
For such a pleasant chaunce
To syng some pleasant song.

19 ✓

(1)

Where shall I have at myn owne will
Teres to complain? where shall I fett
Suche sighes that I may sigh my fill,
And then again my plaintes repete?

(2)

For tho my plaint shall have none end,
My teres cannot suffice my woo :
To mone my harme have I no frend,
For fortunes frend is myshappes ffoo.

(3)

Comfort (God wot) els have I none
But in the wynde to wast my wordes :
Nought moveth you my dedly mone,
But all, you torn it into bordes.

(4)

I speke not now to move your hert,
That you should (rue) upon my pain :
The sentence geven may not revert :
I know suche labor were but vayn

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(5)

But syns that I for you my dere
Have lost that thing that was my best,
A right small losse it must appere,
To lese thes wordes and all the rest.

(6)

But tho they sparkill in the wynde
Yet shall they show your falsed faith,
Which is retorned unto his kynde,
For like to like, the proverbe saieth.

(7)

Ffortune and you did me avaunce :
Me thought I swam and could not drowne,
Happiest of all : but my myschaunce
Did lyft me up to throwe me downe.

(8)

And you with your owne cruelnes,
Did set your fote upon my neck :
Me and my welfare to oppresse
Withoute offence your hert to wreke.

(9)

Wher are your plaisaunt wordes, alas ;
Where your faith, your stedfastnes ?
There is no more, but all doeth passe
And I ame left all comfortles.

(10)

But forbicause it doeth you greve,
And al so me, my wretched liff :
Have here my trouth, shall not releve,
But deth alone, my very striff.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

(11)

Therefore farewell my liff, my deth,
My gayn, my losse, my salve, my sore :
Farewell also with you, my breth,
For I ame gone for evermore.

20 ✓

A Robyn
Joly Robyn

Refrain. Tell me how thy leman doeth
And thou shalt knowe of myn.

(1)

¶
¶
¶

My lady is unkynd, perde !
Alack whi is she so ?
She loveth an othr better then me,
And yet she will say no.

(2)

Response

I fynde no suche doublenes,
I fynde women true,
My lady loveth me dowlles,
And will change for no newe.

(3)

The Plaintif

Thou art happy while that doeth last
But I say as I fynde,
That womens love is but a blast
And torneth like the wynde.

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THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIA'T

(4)

Response

If that be true yett as thou sayst
That women turn their hart,
Then speke better of them thou mayst
In hop to have thy partt.

(5)

The Plaintif

Suche folkes shall take no harm by love
That can abide their torn;
But I alas can no way prove
In love but lack and morn.

(6)

[Response]

But if thou wilt avoyde thy harme
Lerne this lesson of me :
At othr fires thyself to warme,
And let them warme with the.

21

(1)

Tho I cannot your crueltie constrain,
For my good will to favor me again,
Tho my true and faithfull love,
Have no power your hert to move,
Yet rew upon my pain !

62

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

(2)

Tho I your thrall must evermore remain
And for your sake my libertie restrain,
The greatest grace that I do crave
Is that ye would vouchesave,
 To rew upon my pain !

(3)

Tho I have not deserved to obtain
So high Reward, but this, to serve in vain
Tho I shall have no redresse,
Yet of right ye can no lesse
 But rew upon my pain !

(4)

But I se well that your high disdain
Wull no wise graunt that I shall more attain ;
 Yet ye must graunt at the lest
This my powre and small request,
 Rejoyse not at my pain !

22

(1)

To wisse and want and not obtain
To seke and sew ese of my pain,
Syns all that ever I do is vain,
 What may it avall me !

(2)

All tho I stryve boeth day and howre
Against the streme of all my powre,
If fortune list yet for to lowre,
 What may it avall me !

63

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(3)

If willingly I suffre woo,
If from the fyre me list not goo,
If then I burn to plaine me so,
What may it avall me !

(4)

And if the harme that I suffre
Be run too farr oute of mesur,
To seke for helpe any further,
What may it avall me !

(5)

What tho eche hert that hereth me plain,
Pitieth and plaineth for my payn,
If I no les in greif remain
What may it avall me !

(6)

Ye tho the want of my relief
Displease the causer of my greif,
Syns I remain still in myschief
What may it avall me !

(7)

Suche cruell chaunce doeth so me threte,
Continuelly inward to frete,
Then of relesse for to trete
What may it avall me !

(8)

Ffortune is deiff unto my call,
My torment moveth her not at all,
And though she torn as doeth a ball,
What may it avall me !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

(9)

Ffor in despere there is no rede ;
To want of ere, speche is no spede ;
To linger still, alyve as dede,
What may it avail me !

23 ✓

(1)

My hope, Alas, hath me abused
And vain rejoysing hath me fed ;
Lust and joye have me refused,
And carefull plaint is in their stede ;
To muche avauncing slaked my spede ;
Myrth hath caused my hevines,
And I remain all comfortles.

(2)

Whereto did I assure my thought
Withoute displeasure stedfastly,
In fortunes forge my Joye was wrought
And is revolted redely,
I ame mystaken wonderly ;
For I, tho nought but faithfulness,
Yet I remain all comfortless.

(3)

In gladsome chere I did delite
Till that delite did cause my smert ;
And all was wrong where I thought right,

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

For right it was, that my true hert
Should not from trouth be set apart,
Syns trouth did cause me hardines
Yet I remain all comfortles.

(4)

Sometime delight did tune my song,
And led my hert full plesauntly,
And to my self I saide among,
My happ is comyng hastely,
But it hath happed contrary :
Assuraunce causeth my distres,
And I remain all comfortles.

(5)

Than if my note now do vary,
And leve his wonted plesauntnes,
The hevy burden that I cary,
Hath alterd all my Joyefulnes ;
No pleasure hath still stedfastnes,
But hast hath hurt my happines,
And I remain all comfortles.

24

✓

(1)

What deth is worse then this,
When my delight,
My wele, my joy, my blys,
Is from my sight ?
Boeth daye and night,
My liff alas I mys.

66

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

(2)

Ffor though I seme alyve,
My hert is hens;
Thus botles for to stryve,
Oute of presens
Of my defens
Towerd my deth I dryve.

(3)

Hertles, alas, what man
May long endure?
Alas how lyve I then?
Syns no recure
May me assure
My liff I may well ban.

(4)

Thus doeth my torment goo
In dedly dred,
Alas, who myght lyve so
Alyve as dede,
Alyve to lede
A dedly lyff in woo.

25 ✓

(1)

Ons as me thought fortune me kyst,
And bad me aske what I thought best:
And I should have it as me list,
Therewith to set my hert in rest.

67

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIA T

(2)

I asked nought but my dere hert
To have for evermore myn owne ;
Then at an ende were all my smert,
Then should I nede no more mone.

(3)

Yet for all that, a stormy blast
Had overturned this goodely day,
And fortune semed at the last
That to her promes she saide nay.

(4)

But, like as oon out of dispere
To soudden hope revived I ;
Now fortune sheweth herself so fayer
That I content me wonderly.

(5)

My moost desire my hand may reche
My will is alwaye at my hand ;
Me nede not long for to be seche
Her that hath power me to command.

(6)

What erthely thing more can I crave ?
What would I wisse more at my will ?
No thing on erth more would I have,
Save that I have, to have it still.

(7)

Ffor fortune hath kept her promes,
In graunting me my moost desir ;
Of my sufferance I have redres.
And I content me with my hier.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

26 ✓

(1)

My Lute awake ! perfourme the last
Labor that thou and I shall wast,
And end that I have now begon ;
For when this song is song and past.
My lute be still, for I have done.

(2)

As to be herd where ere is none,
As lede to grave in marbill stone,
My song may perse her hert as sone ;
Should we then sigh or sing or mone ?
No ! no ! my lute, for I have done.

(3)

The Rokkes do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually
As she my suyte and affection ;
So that I ame past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I have done.

(4)

Prowd of the spoyll that thou hast gott
Of simple hertes, thorough loves shot ;
By whome, unkynd, thou hast them wone,
Thinck not he hath his bow forgot,
All tho my lute and I have done.

(5)

Vengeaunce shall fall on thy disdain
That makest but game on earnest pain ;
Thinck not alone under the sonne
Unquyt to cause thy lovers plain,
All tho my lute and I have done.

69

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(6)

Perchaunce the lye wethered and old
The wynter nyght that are so cold,
Playning in vain unto the mone;
Thy wisses then dare not be told;
Care then who lyst, for I have done.

(7)

And then may chaunce the to repent
The tyme that thou hast lost and spent
To cause thy lovers sigh and swone;
Then shalt thou knowe beaultie but lent,
And wisse and want as I have done.

(8)

Now cesse, my lute : this is the last
Labor that thou and I shall wast,
And ended is that we begon;
Now is this song boeth song and past
My lute be still, for I have done.

27 ✓

(1)

If chaunce assynd,
Were to my mynde
By very kynd
Of destyne;
Yet would I crave
Nought els to have
But liff and libertie.

70

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

(2)

Then were I sure
I myght endure,
The displeasure
Of crueltie ;
Where now I plain
Alas in vain
Lacking my liff for libertie.

(3)

Ffor withoute thone
Thothr is gone,
And there can none
It remedy ;
If thone be past
Thothr doeth wast
And all for lack of libertie.

(4)

And so I dryve
As yet alyve,
All tho I stryve
With myserie ;
Drawing my breth,
Lowking for deth,
And losse of liff for libertie.

(5)

But thou that still
Maist at thy will
Torn all this ill
Adversitie ;

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

For the repare
Of my welfare
Graunt me but liff and libertie.

(6)

And if not so,
Then let all goo,
To wretched woo,
And let me dye ;
For thone or thothr
There is none othr
My deth, or liff with libertie.

28 ✓

(1)

I have sought long with stedfastnes
To have had som ease of my great smert,
But nought availleth faithfulness
To grave within your stony hert.

(2)

But happe and hit or els hit not,
As uncertain as is the wynde ;
Right so it fareth by the shott
Of love alas that is so blynd.

(3)

Therefore I plaid the foole in vain,
With pitie, when I first began
Your cruell hert for to constrain,
Syns love regardeth no doulfull man.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

(4)

But of your goodenes, all your mynde
Is that I should complain in vain;
This is the favor that, I fynde,
Ye list to here how I can plain.

(5)

But tho I plain to please your hert,
Trust me, I trust to temper it so
Not for to care which do revert;
All shalbe oon in welth or woo.

(6)

Ffor fansy rueleth, tho right say nay
Even as the goodeman kyst his kowe
None othr reason can ye lay
But as who saieth I reke not how.

29 ✓

(1)

Lyk as the swanne towardis her dethe
Doeth straine her voyse with dolefull note,
Right so sing I with waste of breth,
I dye! I dye! and you regarde yt note.

(2)

I shall enforce my faynting breth,
That all that heris this dedlye note
Shall kno that you dothe cause my deth;
I dye! I dye! and you regarde yt note.

73

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(3)

Your unkindnes hath sworne my deth,
And chaungid hathe my pleasaunte note
To paynefull sighis that stoppis my breth;
I dye! I dye! and you regarde yt note.

(4)

Consumythe my lif, faileth my breth;
Your fawte is forger of this note;
Melting in tearis, a cruell deth;
I dye! I dye! and you regarde yt note.

(5)

My faith with me after my deth
Byrred shalbe, and to this note
I do bequeth my verye breth
To cry, "I dyede, and you regarde it not."

30 ✓

(1)

In eternum I was ons determined,
For to have lovid and my minde affermed,
That with my herte it shuld be confermed,
In eternum.

(2)

Forthwith I founde the thing that I might like,
And sought with love to warme her hert alike,
For as me thought I shulde not se the like,
In eternum.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

(3)

To trace this daunse I put my self in prese,
Vayne hope did lede, and bad I shuld not cese
To serve, to suffer, and still to hold my pease,
In eternum.

(4)

With this first rule I fordred me a pase,
That as me thought, my trouthe had taken place
With full assurans to stand in her grace,
In eternum.

(5)

It was not long er I by prooffe had found
That feble bilding is on feble grounde;
For in her herte this worde ded never sownde,
In eternum.

(6)

In eternum then from my herte I kest
That I had first determined for the best;
Nowe in the place anothr thought dothe rest,
In eternum.

31 ✓

(1)

Syns ye delite to knowe,
That my torment and woo
Should still encrese
Withoute release,
I shall enforce me so,
That liff and all shall goo,
For to content your cruelnes.

75

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(2)

And so this grevous trayne
That I so long sustayn,
Shall sometime cese,
And have redresse,
And you also remain
Full pleased with my pain,
For to content your cruelnes.

(3)

Onles that be to light,
And that ye would ye myght
Se the distresse
And hevines
Of oon slain owte right,
Therewith to please your sight,
And to content your cruelnes.

(4)

Then in your cruell mode,
Would God fourthwith ye woode,
With force expresse,
My hert oppresse,
To do your hert suche good,
To se me bathe in blode,
For to content your cruelnes.

(5)

Then cowlde ye aske no more,
Then should ye ease my sore,
And the excesse
Of myn excesse ;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

And you should evermore
Defamed be, therefore,
For to repent your cruelnes.

32 ✓

(1)

Hevyn and erth and all that here me plain,
Do well perceve what care doeth cause me cry,
Save you alone, to whome I cry in vain,
Mercy! madame alas, I dy! I dy!

(2)

If that you slepe, I humbly you require
Forbere, a while, and let your rigor slake;
Syns that by you I burn thus in this fyer,
To here my plaint, dere hert, awake! awake!

(3)

Syns that so ofte ye have made me to wake
In plaint and teres, and in right pitious case,
Displease you not if force do now me make
To breke your slepe crieng alas! alas!

(4)

It is the last trouble that you shall have
Of me, madame, to here my last complaint;
Pitie at lest your poure unhappy slave
For in dispere alas I faint! I faint!

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(5)

It is not now but long and long ago,
I have you served as to my powre and myght,
As faithfully as any man might do,
Clayming of you nothing of right, of right.

(6)

Save of your grace only to save my liff
That fleith as fast as clowd afore the wynde
For sins that first I entred in this stryff
An inward deth hath fret my mynde, my mynd.

(7)

If I had suffred this to you, unware,
Myn were the fawte and you nothing to blame
But syns you know my woo and all my care
Why do I dy alas for shame, for shame.

(8)

I know right well my face, my lowke, my teres,
Myn lyes, my Wordes, and eke my drery chiere,
Have cryd my deth full oft into your eres,
Herd of belefe it doeth appere, appere.

(9)

A better prouff I se that ye would have
How I ame dede; therefore when ye here tell
Beleve it not, all tho ye se my grave
Cruell; unkynd! I say farewell! farewell!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

33 ✓

(1)

Comfort thy self my wofull hert,
Or shortly on thy self the wreke;
For lenght redoubleth dedly smert;
Why sighes thou hert and woult not breke!

(2)

To wast in sighes were pitious deth,
Alas, I fynd the faynt and weke,
Enforce thyself to lose thy breth,
Why sighes thou hert and woult not breke!

(3)

Thou knowest right well that no redresse
Is thus to pyne, and for to speke,
Pardy it is remediles!
Why sighes thou then and woult not breke!

(4)

It is to late for to refuse
The yoke when it is on thy neck;
To shake it of vaileth not to muse:
Why sighes thou then and woult not breke!

(5)

To sobb and sigh it were but vain,
Syns there is none that doeth it reke;
Alas thou doyst prolong thy pain,
Why sighes thou then and woult not breke!

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(6)

Then in her sight, to move her hert,
Seke on thyself thyself to wreke,
That she may knowe thou sufferdst smert,
Sigh there thy last : and therewith breke.

34 ✓

(1)

To cause accord or to aggre
Two contraries in oon degre,
And in oon poynt, as semeth me,
To all mans wit it cannot be
It is impossible !

(2)

Of hete and cold when I complain,
And say that hete doeth cause my pain,
And cold doeth shake me every vain,
And boeth at ons, I say again
It is impossible !

(3)

That man that hath his hert away,
If lyff lyveth there as men do say
That he, hertles, should last on day
Alyve, and not to torn to clay.
It is impossible !

(4)

Twixt lyff and deth, say what who sayth,
Ther lyveth no lyff that draweth breth,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

They joyne so nere : and eke i faith
To seke for liff by wissh of deth
It is impossible !

(5)

Yet Love, that all things doeth subdue,
Whose power ther may no liff eschew,
Hath wrought in me, that I may rew
These miracles to be so true,
That are impossible.

SATIRES ✓

I

Myn owne John Poynz, sins ye delight to know
The cause why that homeward I me drawe :
And fle the presse of courts wher so they goo :

Rather than to live thrall, under the awe
Of lordly lokes, wrappid within my cloke :
To will and lust lerning to set a lawe ;

It is not for bicawse I skorne and moke
The power of them, to whome fortune hath lent
Charge over us, of Right, to strike the stroke :

But true it is that I have alwayes ment
Lesse to esteem them then the common sort,
Of owteward thinges, that judge in their entent.

Withowte regarde what doeth inward resort.
I grant some tyme that of glory the fyer
Doth touch my hert ; me list not to report

Blame by honor, and honor to desire.
But how may I this honor now attayne.
That cannot dy the color blake a lyer ?

My Poynz, I cannot frame me tune to fayne,
To cloke the trothe for praise withoute desart,
Of them that lyst all vice for to retayne.

SATIRES

- I cannot honour them that settes their part
With Venus and Baccus all their lyff long ;
Nor hold my pece of them al tho I smart.
- I cannot crowche nor knelle to do so grete a wrong,
To worship them, lyke Gode on erthe alone,
That ar as wollfes thes sely lambes among.
- I cannot with wordes complayne and mone,
Nor suffer nought ; nor smart withoute complaint ;
Nor torn the word that from my mouth is gone :
- I cannot speke and loke lyke a saint ;
Use wiles for witt, or make deceyt a pleasure ;
And call craft counceill, for proffet styll to paint.
- I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer
With innocent blode to fede my sellff fat ;
And doo most hurt where most help I offer.
- I am not he that can allow the state
Of high Cesar, and dam Cato to dye,
That with his deith dyd skape oute of the gate
- From Cesares handes (if Lyve do not lye),
And would not lyve when lyberty was lost ;
So did his hert the common wele aplye.
- I am not he suche eloquence to boste
To make the crow singing as the swan ;
Nor call the Lyon of cowardes bestes the moste
- That cannot take a mous as the cat can ;
And he that dythe for hunger of the gold
Call him Alessaundre ; and say that Pan

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

Passeth Apollo in musicke manyfold;
Praise Syr Thopias for a nobyll tale,
And skorne the story that the knyght told;
Praise him for counceill that is droncke of ale,
Grynne when he laugheth that bereth all the swaye,
Frown when he frowneth and grone when [he] is pale;
On othres lust to hang boeth nyght and daye;
None of these poyntes would ever frame in me,
My wit is nought, I cannot lerne the waye;
And much the lesse of thinges that greater be
That asken helpe of colours of devise
To Joyne the mene with eche extremitie;
With the neryst vertue to cloke alwaye the vise;
And as to pourpose, likewise it shall fall
To presse the vertue that it may not rise
As dronkenes, good fellowshipp to call;
The frendly ffoo with his dowble face,
Say he is gentill, and courtois therewithall;
And say that favell hath a goodly grace
In eloquence; and crueltie to name
Zele of Justice; and change in tyme and place;
And he that sufferth offence withoute blame
Call him pitfull; and him true and playn
That railleth rekles to every mans shame;
Say he is rude that cannot lye and fayn;
The Letcher a Lover; and tyrannye
To be the right of a prynces reigne.

SATIRES

I cannot I, no no it will not be !

This is the cause that I could never yet
Hang on their slevis that way, as thou maist se,

A chipp of chaunce more than a pownd of witt.

This maketh me at home to hounte and to hawke,
And in fowle weder at my booke to sitt ;

In frost and snowe then with my bow to stawke ;

No man doeth mark where so I ride or goo ;
In lusty lees at libertie I walke ;

And of these newes I fele nor wele nor woo,
Sauf that a clogg doeth hang yet at my hele.

No force for that ; for it is ordered so,

That I may lepe boeth hedge and dike full well.

I ame not now in Ffraunce to judge the wyne
With saffry sauce the delicates to fele.

Nor yet in Spaigne where oon must him inclyne

Rather then to be outewerdy to seme ;
I meddill not with wittes than be so fyne.

Nor Fflaunders chiere letteth not my sight to deme

Of black and white, nor taketh my wit awaye
With bestlynes ; they beestes do so esteme.

Nor I ame not where Christe is geven in pray

For mony, poison and traizon at Rome,—
A comune practise used nyght and daie.

But here I ame in Kent and Christendome,

Emong the muses where I rede and ryme.

Where if thou list, my Poynz, for to com,

Thou shalt be Judge how I do spend my tyme

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

2 ✓

Addressed to John Poyns

My mothers maydes when they did sowe and spyn
They sang sometyme a song of the feld mowse ;
That fobicause her lyvelood was but thyn

Would nedes goo seke her townyssh systers howse.
She thought her self endured to much pain ;
The stormy blastes her cave so sore did sowse.

That when the forowse swymmed with the rain,
She must lye cold and whete in sorry plight,
And wours then that, bare meet ther did remain

To comfort her when she her howse had dight ;
Sometyme a barlycorn ; sometyme a bene ;
For which she laboured hard boeth daye and nyght

In harvest tyme, whilest she myght goo and glyne ;
And wher stoore was stroyed with the flodd
Then well awaye ! for she undone was clene.

Then was she fayne to take, in stede of fode,
Slepe if she myght her hounger to begile.
“ My syster ” quod she “ hath a lyving good,

And hens from me she dwelleth not a myle,
In cold and storme she lieth warme and dry.
In bed of downe ; the dyrt doeth not defile

Her tender fote ; she laboureth not as I ;
Richely she fedeth, and at the richemans cost,
And for her meet she nydes not crave nor cry.

SATIRES

By se, by land, of the delicates the moost
Her Cater seked, and spareth for no perell;
She fedeth on boyled, bacon meet, and roost,
And hath therof neither charge nor travaill.
And when she list, the licor of the grape
Doeth glad her hert : till that her belly swell.
And at this jorney she maketh but a jape :
So fourth she goeth, trusting of all this welth,
With her syster her part so for to shape,
That if she myght kepe herself in helth
To lyve a Lady, while her liff doeth last.
And to the dore now is she com by stelth,
And with her foote anon she scrapeth full fast.
Thothr for fere durst not well scarce appere,
Of every noyse so was the wretche agast.
At last she asked softly who was there.
And in her langage, as well as she coud,
"Pepe," quod the othr, "syster, I ame here."
"Peace," quod the townyshe mowse, "why spekest
thou so lowde?"
And by the hand she toke her fayer and well,
"Welcom," quod she, "my syster, by the Roode."
She fested her that Joy it was to tell
The faer they had : they drancke the wyne so clere :
And as to pourpose, now and then it fell,
She chered her with : "How syster, what chiere"
Amyddes this Joye befell a sorry chaunce,
That well awaye ! the straunger bought full dere

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

The fare she had; for as she loke a scaunce,
Under a stole she spied two stemyng Ise
In a rownde hed with sherp erys. In Fraunce

Was never mowse so ferd, for tho [unwyse]
Had not ysene such a beest before,
Yet had nature taught her after her gyse

To knowe her ffoo, and dred him evermore;
The towney mowse fled, she knewe whether to goo;
Thothr had no shift, but wonders sore

Fferd of her liff, at home she wyshed her tho,
And to the Dore alas, as she did skipp,
Thevyn it would lo! and eke her chaunce was so,

At the threshold her sely fote did tripp,
And ere she myght recover it again,
The traytor Catt had caught her by the hipp;

And made her there against her will remain,
That had forgotten her poure suretie, and rest,
For semyng welth wherin she thought to rayne.

Alas! my Poynz, how men do seke the best
And fynde the wourst, by error as they stray;
And no marvaill; when sight is so opprest;

And blynde the gyde; anon, owte of the way
Goeth gyde and all, in seking quyete liff.
O wretched myndes! there is no gold that may

Graunt that ye seke; no warr, no peace, no stryff.
No, no, all tho thy hed were howpt with golde,
Sergeaunt with mace, hawbert, sword, nor knyff,

SATIRES

Cannot repulse the care that folowe should.

Eche kynd of lyff hath with hym his disease.

Lyve in delight evyn as thy lust would,

And thou shalt fynde, when lust doeth moost the please,

It irketh straite, and by it self doeth fade :

A small thing it is that may thy mynde apese.

Non of ye all there is, that is so madde

To seke grapes upon brambles or breers ;

Nor none I trow that hath his wit so badd

To set his hay for Conys over Ryvers ;

Ne ye se not a dragg net for an hare ;

And yet the thing that moost is your desire

Ye do mysseke with more travaill and care.

Make playn thyn hert, that it be not knotted

With hope or dred ; and se thy will be bare

From all affectes, whome Vice hath ever spotted.

Thy self content with that is the assigned,

And use it well that is to the allotted.

Then seke no more owte of thy self to fynde

The thing that thou haist sought so long before ;

For thou shalt fele it sitting in thy mynde,

Madde if ye list to continue your sore.

Let present passe and gape on tyme to com,

And diepe yourself in travaill more and more ;

Hens fourth, my Poyngz, this shalbe all and some ;

These wretched fooles shall have nought els of me ;

But to the great God and to his high dome,

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WĪAT

None other pain pray I for them to be.

But when the rage doeth led them from the right,
That lowking backward, Vertue they may se

Evyn as she is, so goodly fayre and bright.

And, whilst they claspe their lustes in armes a crosse,
Graunt them goode Lorde, as thou maist of thy myght,
To frete inward for losing suche a losse.

3

Addressed to *Sir Francis Brian*.

Aspending hand that alway powreth owte
Had nede to have a bringer in as fast :
And, on the stone that still doeth tourne abowte

There groweth no mosse : these proverbs yet do last,
Reason hath set them in so sure a place,
That lenght of yeres their force can never wast.

When I remembr this, and eke the case
Where in thou stondes, I thought forthwith to write
Brian, to thee, who knows how great a grace

In writing is to cownsell man the right ;
To the therefore, that trottes still up and downe
And never restes, but runnyng day and nyght

From Reaulme to Reaulme, from cite, strete, and
towne,

Why doest thou were thy body to the bones
And myghtst at home slepe in thy bed of downe,

SATIRES

And drynck goode ale so noppny for the noyns
Fede thyself fat and hepe up pownd by pownd
Lykist thou not this? no: why? for swyne so groyns

In styre and chaw the tordes molded on the grownd
And dryvell on perilles the hed still in the maunger
Then of the harp the Asse to here the sownd

So sakes of dust be filled up in the cloyster
That servis for lesse than do thes fatted swyne
Tho I seme lene and dry withoute moyster

Yet woll I serve my prynce, my Lord and thyn,
And let them lyve to fede the panche that list,
So I may lyve to fede both me and myn.

By God, well sayde! but what and if thou wist
How to bryng in as fast as thou doest spend
That would I lerne. And it shall not be myst

To tell the how. Now hark what I intend:
Thou knowst well, first, who so can seke to plesse
Shall purchase frendes where trowght shall but
offend;

Ffle therefore trueth, it is boeth welth and ese
For tho that trowth of every man hath prayse
Full nere that wynd goeth trowth in great misese.

Use Vertu as it goeth now a dayes so
In word alone to make thy langage swete
And of the dede yet do not as thou say so

Elles be thou sure thou shalt be farr unmyt
To get thy bred, eche thing is now so skant;
Seke still thy proffet upon thy bare fete;

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

Lend in nowise for fere that thou do want,
Onles it be as to a dogge a chese,
By which retorn be sure to wyn a kant

Of half at lest; it is not good to lese.
Lerne at Kittson that in a long white cote
From under the stall withoute landes or feise

Hath lept into the shopp; who knoweth by rote
This rule that I have told thee here before.
Sumtyme also riche age begynneth to dote :

Se thou when there thy gain may be the more,
Stay him by the arme where so he walke or goo,
Be nere alway and if he koggh to sore,

When he hath spit, tred owte and please him so.
A diligent knave that pikes his maisters purse
May please him so that he withouten mo

Executor is, and what is he the wourse?
But if so chaunce you get nought of the man
The Wedow may for all thy charge deburse

A ryveld skyn a stynking breth what then?
A tothles mowth shall do thy lips no harme,
The gold is good and tho she curse or ban

Yet where the list thou maist ly good and warme;
Let the old mule byte upon the bridill
Whilst ther do ly a swetter in thyn arme.

In this also se you be not idill
Thy nece, thy cosyn, thy sister or thy doghter
If she be faire, if handsom by her myddell

SATIRES

Yf thy better hath her love besoght her
Avaunce his cause and he shall help thy nede
It is but love, turne it to a lawghter.

But ware I say so gold the helpe and spede
That in this case thou be not so unwise
As Pandare was in suche a like dede ;

Ffor he the ffooll of conscience was so nyse,
That he no gayn would have for all his payne.
Be next thy self for frendshipp beres no prise.

Laughst thou at me ? Why, do I speke in vayne ?
No not at thee, but at thy thrifty gest ?
Would'st thou I should, for any losse or gayne,

Change that for gold that I have tan for best
Next godly thinges, to have an honest name ?
Should I leve that ? then take me for a beest—

Nay then farewell, and if you care for shame,
Content thee then with honest povertie,
With fre tong, what the myslikes to blame ;

And for thy trowth somtyme adversitie ;
And therewithall this thing I shall the gyve :
In this worould now litle prosperite,
And coyne to kepe as water in a syve.

POEMS WRITTEN AFTER 1536 ✓

I

(1)

Though this port : and I, thy servaunt true,
And thou thy self doist cast thy bemes from hye
From thy chieff howse, promising to renew
Boeth Joye and eke delite, behold yet how that I,
Bannisshed from my blisse, carefully do crye,
“ Helpe now, Citherea, my lady dere,
“ My ferefull trust,” en vogant la galere.

(2)

Alas the dowbt that dredfull absence geveth
Withoute thyn ayde ; assuraunce is there none :
The ferme faith, that in the water floteth
Succor thou therefor ; in thee it is alone :
Stay that with faith that faithfully doeth mone ;
And thou also gevest me boeth hope and fere ;
Remembr thou me, en vogant la galerie.

(3)

By sees and hilles elonged from thy sight
Thy wonted grace reducing to my mynde,
In sted of slepe, thus I occupy the nyght ;
A thowsand thoughtes and many dowbtes I fynde,
And still I trust thou canst not be unkinde ;
Or els dispere, my comfort and my chiere
Would she fourthwith, en vogant la galerie.

POEMS WRITTEN AFTER 1536

(4)

Yet on my faith, full litle doeth remain
Of any hope, whereby I may myself uphold,
For syns that onely wordes do me retain,
I may well thinck the affection is but cold;
But syns my will is nothing as I would,
But in thy handes it resteth hole and clere,
Forget me not, en vogant la galerie.

2 ✓

(1)

Processe of tyme worketh suche wounder,
That water, which is of kynd so soft,
Doeth perse the marbell stone a sonder
By litle droppes faling from a loft.

(2)

And yet an hert that sems so tender
Receveth no dropp of the stilling teres,
That alway still cause me to render
The vain plaint that sowndes not in her eres.

(3)

So cruel alas is nowght alyve,
So fiers, so froward, so owte of fframe;
But some way, some tyme, may so contryve
By mens the wild to temper and tame.

(4)

And I that alwaies have sought and seke
Eche place, eche tyme, for som lucky daye,
This fiers Tigre : lesse I fynde her meke
And more denyd, the lenger I pray.

95

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

(5)

The lyon in his raging furor
Forberis that sueth mekenes for his (boote);
And thou alas, in extreme dolor
The hert so low thou tredis under thy foote.

(6)

Eche fiers thing lo how thou doest excede,
And hides it under so humble a face;
And yet the humble to helpe at nede
Nought helpeth tyme, humblenes, nor place.

3 v

(1)

After great stormes the cawme retornis,
And plesanter it is thereby;
Fortune likewise that often tornis
Hath made me now the moost happy.

(2)

Thevin that pited my distres,
My just desire and my cry,
Hath made my langour to cesse,
And me also the most happy.

(3)

Whereto dispaired ye my frendes;
My trust alway in hid ly,
That knoweth what my though(t) intendes,
Whereby I lyve the most happy.

POEMS WRITTEN AFTER 1536

(4)

Lo! what can take hope from that hert
That is assured stedfastly;
Hope therefore ye that lyve in smert,
Whereby I ame the most happy.

(5)

And I that have felt of your paine,
Shall pray to God continually
To make your hope your helth retayne,
And me also the most happy.

4 ✓

(1)

All hevy myndes
Do seke to ese their charge,
And that that moost them byndes
To let at large.

(2)

Then why should I
Hold payne within my hert,
And may my tune apply
To ease my smart.

(3)

Mȳ faithfull lute
Alone shall here me plaine;
For els all othr sute
Is clene in vaine.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAȚ

(4)

Ffor where I sue
Redresse of all my grieff,
Lo they do most eschew
My hertes relieff.

(5)

Alas, my dere
Have I deserved so,
That no help may appere
Of all my wo?

(6)

Whome speke I to,
Unkynd and deff of ere;
Alas, lo I go,
And wot not where.

(7)

Where is my thought?
Where wanders my desire?
Where may the thing be sought
That I require?

(8)

Light in the wynde
Doth fle all my delight;
Where trouth and faithfull mynde
Are put to flyght.

POEMS WRITTEN AFTER 1536

(9)

Who shall me gyve
Fetherd wynges for to fle,
The thing that doeth me greve
That I may se ?

(10)

Who would go seke
The cause whereby to payne ?
Who could his foo beseke
For ease of payne ?

(11)

My chaunce doeth so
My wofull case procure,
To offer to my ffoo
My hert to cure.

(12)

What hope I then
To have any redresse ?
Of whome or where or when
Who can expresse ?

(13)

No ! sins dispaire
Hath set me in this case,
In vain oft in the ayre
To say ' Alas ' !

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(14)

I seke nothing
But thus for to discharge
My hert of sore sighing,
To plaine at large.

(15)

And with my lute
Sum tymè to ease my pain,
For els all othr sute
Is clene in vain.

5

(1)

To seke eche where, where man doeth lyve,
The See, the Land : the Rocke, the Clyve,
Ffraunce, Spayne, and Inde and every where ;
Is none a greater gift to gyve
Lesse sett by oft, and is so lyeff and dere,
Dare I well say than that I gyve to yere.

(2)

I cannot gyve browches nor ringes,
Thes Goldsmithes work and goodly thinges
Piery nor perle, oryente and clere ;
But for all that is no man bringes
Lesser Juell unto his Lady dere
Dare I well say then that I gyve to yere.

POEMS WRITTEN AFTER 1536

(3)

Nor I seke not to fetche it farr,
Worse is it not tho it be narr,
And as it is, it doeth appere
Uncontrefaict, mistrust to barr;
Lest hole and pure withouten pere
Dare I well say the gyft I gyve to yere

(4)

To the therefore the same retain
The like of the to have again
Ffraunce would I gyve if myn it were
Is none alyve in whome doeth rayne
Lesser disdain; frely, therefore, to here
Dare I well gyve I say my hert to yere.

6 v

(1)

O goodely hand
Wherein doeth stand
My hert distrast in payne;
Faire hand, Alas
In litle spas
My liff that doeth restrayne.

(2)

O fyngers slight
Departed right,
So long so small so rownd;
Goodely begone,
And yet alone
Most cruell in my wound.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAAT

(3)

With Lilis whight
And Roses bright
Doeth stryve thy color faire ;
Nature did lend
Eche fyngers ende
A perle for to repayre.

(4)

Consent at last,
Syns that thou hast
My hert in thy demayne ;
For service trew
On me to rew
And reche me love agayne.

(5)

And if not so,
Then with more woo,
Enforce thiself to strayne
This simple hert
That suffereth smart,
And rid it owte of payne.

A TRILOGY ON LOVE

PART I

(1)

Lo, what it is to love !
 Lerne ye, that list to prove,
 At me I say,
 No ways that may
 The grownd is greiff remove,
 My liff alwaie,
 That doeth decaye ;
 Lo ! what it is to love.

(2)

Ffle alwaye from the snare,
 Lerne by me to beware,
 Of suche a trayne,
 Which doubles payne,
 And endles woo and care,
 That doth retayne ;
 Which to refrayne,
 Fle alwaye from the snare.

(3)

To love and to be wise,
 To rage with good admyse,
 Now thus now than
 Now of now an

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

Uncerteyn as the dyse ;
There is no man
At ons that can
To love and to be wise.

(4)

Suche are the dyvers throws,
Suche, that no man knows
That hath not profd,
And ons have losd :
Suche are the raging woos :
Soner reprofd
Then well remofd,
Suche are the dyvers throws.

(5)

Love is a fervent fire
Kendeld by hote desire,
For a short pleasure,
Long displeasur ;
Repentaunce is the hire ;
A poure tresoure,
Withoute mesure,
Love is a fervent fire.

Lo! what it is to love, etc.

✓
PART II

(1)

Love thus to slander love !
Though evill, with suche it prove
Which often use,
Love to mysuse,

POEMS WRITTEN AFTER 1536

And loving to reprove ;
Such cannot chose,
For their refuse,
But thus, to slaunder love.

(2)

Ffle not so much the snare ;
Love sildam causeth care ;
But by deserftes
And crafty partes,
Som lese their owne welfar ;
Be true of hertes,
And for no smartes
Fle not so much the snare

(3)

To love and not to be wise
Is but a mad devise ;
Such love doeth last
As sure and fast
As chaunce on the dyse ;
A bitter tast
Coms at the last,
To love and not to be wise.

(4)

Such be the plaisaunt daies,
Such be the honest wayes ;
There is no man,
That fully can
Know it, but he that sayes
Loving to ban
Were folly then !
Such be the pleasaunt daies.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(5)

Such is a plaisaunt fire,
Kyndeled by true desire ;
 And though the payne
 Cause men to playne
Sped well is oft the hiere.
 Then though some fayne
 And lese the gayne
Love is a pleasaunt fire.

PART III

(1)

Who most doeth slaunder love
The dede must alwaye prove ;
 Trowth shall excuse
 That you accuse,
For slaunder and reprove ;
 Not by refuse,
 But by abuse
You most do slaunder love.

(2)

Ye graunt it is a snare !
And would us not beware !
 Lest that your trayne
 Should be to playne,
Ye colour all the care !
 Lo, how you fayne,
 Pleasur for payne,
And graunt it is a snare.

(3)

To love and to be wise !
 It were a straunge devise !
 But from that tast
 Ye vow the fast,—
 On zyns tho run your dise,
 Ambs-as may hast
 Your payne to wast
 To love, and to be wise.

(4)

Of all such pleasaunt dayes,
 Of all suche pleasaunt playes,
 Without deserft,
 You have your part,
 And all the worould so says ;
 Save that poure hert
 That for more smart
 Feleth yet suche pleasaunt dayes.

(5)

Such fire and suche hete
 Did never make ye swete,
 For withoute payne
 You best obtayne
 To good spede and to great ;
 Who so doeth playne,
 You best do fayne
 Such fire and such hete.

Who now doeth slaunder Love, etc.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

8

Treizaine

Yf in the world ther be more woo
Than I have yn my harte,
Wher so ytt is, itt doithe com fro,
And in my brest there doithe itt gro,
For to encrease my smarte.
Alas I ame recepte of every care,
And of my liff eche sorrow claymes his parte.
Who list to lyve yn quyetnes
By me lett hym beware,
Ffor I by highe disdayne
Ame made withoute redresse,
And unkyndenes alas hathe slayne
My poore trew hert all comfortles.

9 ✓

(1)

Thanswere that ye made to me my dere
Whan I did sewe for my poore hartes redresse
Hath so appalld my countenaunce and my chere,
That yn this case I ame all comfortlesse
Sins I of blame no cawse can well expresse

(2)

I have no wrong where I can clayme no right :
Nowght tane me fro, wher I nothing have had :
Yete of my wo I can nott so be quyte :
Namely, sins that anothr may be glad
With that, that thus in sorowe makethe me sad.

POEMS WRITTEN AFTER 1536

(3)

Another, why, shall lyberty be bond !
Ffre hert may not be bond but by desert
* * * *

(4)

Nor none can clayme I say by former graunte
That knowithe nott of any graunt att all
And by deserte I dare well make avaunt,
Of faythfull will, ther is no wher that shall
Bere you more trowthe, more redy att your call

(5)

Now, good then call agayne that frendly worde
That seithe your frende in saving of his payne
And say, my dere, that itt was sayde in borde
Late or too sone lett that nott rule the gayne
Wher with free will trew deserte retayne.

10 ✓

(*Argument.*) . *Débat*

Most wretched hart most myserable,
Syns the comferte is from the fled,
Syns all the trouthe is turned to fable,
Most wretched harte why arte thow nott ded?

(*Reply.*) No ! no ! I lyve and must doo still,
Whereof I thank God and no mo.
Ffor I me selff have all my will,
And he is wretched that wens hym so.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

- (A.) Butt yete thou hast bothe had, and lost
The hope so long that hathe the fed,
And all thy travayle, and thy cost ;
Most wretched harte why arte thou nott ded ?
- (R.) Som other hope must fede me new ;
Yff I have lost, I say, what tho ?
Dyspayre shall nott throwghe ynsew
For he is wretched that wenys hym so.
- (A.) The sonne the mone doeth frowne on the,
Thou hast darkenes in daylyghtes stede,
As good in grave as soo to be ;
Moost wretched hert why art thou not ded ?
- (R.) Some plesaunt sterre may shewe me light
But tho the heven wold worke me woo,
Who hath himself shal stand up right,
And he is wretched that wens him soo.
- (A.) Hath he himself that is not sure ?
His trust is like as he hath sped ;
Against the streme thou maist not dure ;
Most wretched herte why art thou not ded ?
- (R.) The last is worse, who feres not that ?
He hath himself where so he goo,
And he that knoweth what is what
Sayeth he is wretched that wens him soo.
- (A.) Seist thou not how they whet their teth,
Which to touche the sometime ded drede ?
They finde comforte for thy mischief ;
Moost wretched hert why art thou not dede ?

POEMS WRITTEN AFTER 1536

- (R.) What tho that currs do fall by kinde
On him that hathe the overthro?
Al that can not opresse my mynde,
For he is wretched that wens him soo.
- (A.) Yet can it not be thenne denyd
It is as certain as thy crede;
Thy gret unhap thou canst not hid;
Unhappy thenne, why art thou not dede?
- (R.) Unhappy, but no wretche therefore,
For happe doth come agayne and goo;
For whiche I kepe my self in store,
Sins unhap cannot kil me so.

11 ✓

(1)

And if an Iye may save or sleye
And streke more diepe than wepon longe;
And if an Iye by subtil play,
May move oon more then any tonge;
How can ye say that I do wronge
Thus to suspect without deserte?
For the Iye is traitor of the herte.

(2)

To frame all wel, I ame content
That it were done unwetingly;
But yet I say, who wol assent
To do but wel, do no thing whie
That men shuld deme the contrary?
For it is said by men expert,
That the Iye is traitor of the hert.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(3)

But yet alas, that loke all sowle
That I doo clayme of right to have,
Shuld not methinkes goo seke the scole
To plese all folke : for who can crave
Frendlier thing then hert witsave ?
By loke to give in frendely parte ;
For the Iye is traitor of the hert.

(4)

And my suspect is without blame,
For as ye saye, not only I
But othr moo have denyd the same ;
Then it is not Jelowsye,
But subtill loke of rekeles Iye
Did raunge to farre to make me smart,
Ffor the Iye is traitor of the hert.

(5)

But I, your frende, shall take it thus,
Sins you wol soo, as stroke of chaunce,
And leve furder for to discus
Wither the stroke did sticke or glaunce ;
But scuse who can, let him avaunce
Dissembled lokes : but for my parte
My Iye must stil betray myn herte.

(6)

And of this grief ye shalbe quitte
In helping trowth stedfast to goo ;
The time is longe that doeth sitt

POEMS WRITTEN AFTER 1536

Feble and weike and suffreth woo.
Cherish him well, continewe soo
Let him not fro your hart ascart
Thenne feres not the Iye to shewe the hert.

12 ✓

What rage is this? What furour of what kynd?
What powre, what plage doth wery thus my mynd?
With in my bons to rancle is assind
What poyson, plesant swet?

Lo se myn iyes swell with contynuall terys
The body still away sleples it weris :
My fode nothing my faintyng strenght reperis,
Nor doth my lymys sustayne.

In diepe wid wound the dedly stroke doth torne
To curid skarre that never shall retorne.
Go to, triumph, rejoyse thy goodly torne,
Thi frend thow dost opresse.

Opresse thou dost and hast off hym no cure :
Nor yett my plaint no pitie can procure :
Fiers tygre fell, hard rok withoutw recure
Cruell rebell to love.

Ons may thou love never belovffd agayne ;
So love thou still and not thy love obtayne ;
So wrathfull love, with spites of just disdayne
May thret thy cruell hert.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

13

I

So feble is the threde that doth the burden stay
Of my pore lyff. In hevvy plyght that fallyth in
dekey

That but it have elles where some aide or some socours,
The runyng spyndell of my fate anon shall end his
cours;

Ffor sins thunhappy howre that did me to depart
From my swete wele, one only hope hath staide my
lyff apart;

Wyche doth perswade such wordes unto my sory mynd:
Mayntene thy sellff o wofull spryte some better luk
to fynd:

For tho thou be deptryfd from thy desyerd syght,
Who can the tell iff thi retorne be for thy most
delyght?

Or who can tell thy losse, if thou ons maist recover
Some plesant howre thy wo may wrape and the
defend and cover?

This is the trust that yet hath my lyff sustaynid;
And now, alas, I se it faint, and I by trust ame
trainid.

II

The tyme doth flete, and I perceyve thowrs how thei
bend

So fast, that I have skant the space to marke my
comyng end.

POEMS WRITTEN AFTER 1536

Westward, the sonne from out thest skant doth show
his lyght,
When in the west he hyds hym straite within the
darke of nyght;
And coms as fast where he began his path a wrye
From est to west, from west to thest so doth his
jornei ly.
The lyff so short, so fraile, that mortall men lyve here,
So gret a whaite, so hevy charge the body that we
bere;
That when I thinke upon the distance and the space
That doth so far devid me from my dere desird face,
I know not how tattayne the winges that I require,
To lyfft my whaite that it myght fle to folow my
desyre;
Thus off that hope, that doth my lyff some thing
sustayne
Alas I fere and partly fele full litill doth remayne.

III

Eche place doth bryng me grieff wher I do not
behold
Those lyvely Iyes wich off my thoughtes were wont
the kays to hold.
Those thowghtes were plesaunt swete whilst I enioyd
that grace :
My plesure past, my present payne wher I might
well embrace ;
But for because my want shold more my wo encesse,
In wache, in slepe, both day and nyght, my will
doth never cesse

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAȚ

That thing to wishe wheroff, sins I did lese the syght
I never saw the thing that myght my faythfull hert
delyght.

Th unesy lyff I lede doth teche me for to mete
The flowdes, the sees, the land and hilles, that doth
them entremete

Twene me and those shining lyghtes, (that wontyd to
clere
My darke panges off cloudy thowghtes) as bryght as
Phebus spere ;

It techith me also what was my plesant state,
The more to fele by such record how that my welth
doth bate.

IV

If such record alas provoke thenflamid mynd,
Wich sprang that day that I did leve the best of me
behynd ;

If love forgett hym sellff by length of absence let,
Who doth me guyd, O wofull wrech, unto this baytid
net

Where doth encesse my care? Much better were for
me
As dome as stone, all thing forgott, still absent for
to be.

Alas the clere crystall, the bryght transparant glas,
Doth not bewray the colour hyd wich underneth it has,
As doth thaccomberd sprite thowghtfull throws discover
Off fiers delyght of fervent love that in our hertes we
cover ;

POEMS WRITTEN AFTER 1536

Owt by thes Iyes it shewth, that evermore delyght
In plaint and teres to seke redresse, and that both day
and nyght.

v

Thes new kyndes of plesurs wherein most men
reioyse
To me thei do redowble still off stormye syghes the
voyce ;
Ffor I ame one of them whom plaint doth well content :
It sittes me well, myn absent welth meseems me to
lament,
And with my teris for to' assay to charge myn
Iyes tweyne,
Lyke as myn hert above the brink is frawtid full of
pa[yne] ;
And for bycawse therto, off those fayre Iyes to trete,
Do me provoke, I shall retorne my plaint thus to
repete.
Ffor there is nothing elles that towches me so within
Where thei rule all, and I alone nowght but the
cace or skyn.
Wherfore I do retorne to them, as well or spryng,
From whom descendes my mortal wo above all othr
thing.
So shall myn Iyes in payne accompanie myn hert,
That were the guydes that did it lede of love to
fele the smert.

VI

The cryspid gold that doth sormount Apollos pryde
The lyvely stremes of plesaunt sterres that under it
doth glyd ;

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

Where in the bemes off love doth still encrease their hete
Wich yet so farre towch me so nere in cold to make
me swet(e);
The wise and plesaunt talk, so rare or elles alone,
That did me gyve the courtese gyfft that such had
never none,
Be ferre from me, alas; and every other thing,
I myght forbere with better will, than that that did
me bryng
With plesant word and clere, redresse of lingerd
payne,
And wontyd oft in kendlid will to vertu me to trayne.
Thus ame I dryven to here and herken affter news
My comfort skant my large desire in dowtfull trust
renews.

VII

And yet with more delyght, to mone my wofull cace,
I must complaine those handes, those armes, that
fermely do embrace
Me from my sellff, and rule the sterne of my pore lyff.
The swete disdaynes, the plesant wraths, and eke
the lovely stryff
That wontid well to tune, in tempre just and mete
The rage that oft did make me erre by furour
undiscrete.
All this is hid me fro with sharp and craggyd hilles;
At othrs wyll my long abode, my diepe dispaire
fulfilles.
But if my hope somtyme rise up by some redresse,
It stumbleth strait, for feble faint, my fere hath
such excesse.

POEMS WRITTEN AFTER 1536

Such is the sort off hope, the lesse for more desyre,
Wherby I fere, and yet I trust, to se that I requyre,
The restyng place of love where vertu lyves and
grose,
Where I desire my wery lyff may sometyme take
repose.

VIII

My song, thou shalt ataine to fynd that plesant place
Where she doth lyve, by whome I lyve; may chaunce
thou have this grace :
When she hath red, and seene the dred where in I sterve,
Bytwene her brestes she shall the put, there shall she
the reserve.
Then tell her that I come, she shall me shortly se,
If that for whayte the body fayle, this sowle shall
to her fle.

14

IOPAS' SONG

When Dido festid first the wandryng Trojan
knyght,
Whom Juno's wrath with stormes did force in
Lybyke sandes to lyght;
That myghty' Atlas did teche; the soupor
lastyng long,
With cryspid lokkes, on golden harpe, Iopas
sang in his song :

Iopas sings
of the
Ptolemaic
theory of
the heavens,

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

That same, quod he, that we the world do
 call and name,
 Off hevin and yerth with all contentes, it is
 the very frame;
 Or thus, off hevinly powrs, by more power
 kept in one
 Repugnant kyndes, in myddes of whome the
 yerth hath place alone,
 Firme, round, off living thynges, the moder
 place and nourse:
 Without the wych, in egall whaight, this
 hevin doth hold his course,
 And it is calld by name, the first moving
 hevin;
 The firmament is next containing other sewyn.

The World,

Off hevinly powrs that same is plantid full
 and thikk
 As shyning lyghtes wych we call sterres, that
 therin cleve and stikk.
 With great swift sway the first, and with his
 restles sours
 Caryth it sellff, and all those eight, in evin
 continuall cours.

*The stars of
 the firmament.*

And off this world so rownd with in that
 rolling case,
 There be two pointes that never move but
 fermely kepe ther pla(ce);
 The tone we se alway, the tothr stondes
 obiect

The Polis,

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIIAT

The widest saff the first, off all thes nyne above,
 On hunderd yere doth aske of space for on
 degre to move.
 Off wich degres we make, in the first moving
 hevin,
 Thre hunderd and thre skore in partes justly
 divided evin.
 And yet ther is anothr by twene those hevins
 tow
 Whose moving is so sli, so slake, I name it
 not for now.

Of Saturn,

The sevent hevyn, or the shell, next to the
 sterry skye
 All those degres that gaderth up with agid
 pas so slye ;
 And doth performe the same, as elders compt
 hath bene,
 In nyne and twenty yeres complet, and days
 almost sixtene,
 Doth cary in his bowght the sterr of Saturne
 old,
 A thretner of all lyving thinges with drought
 and with his cold.

*Of Jupiter
 and Mars,*

The sixt whom this containes doth staulk with
 yonger pase,
 And in twelff yere doth sum what more than
 tothrs viage wase ;
 And this in it doth bere the sterre of Jove
 benigne,

POEMS WRITTEN AFTER 1536

Twene Saturnes malice and us men, frendly
deffending signe.
The fift berth bloody Mars, that in three
hunderd days
And twise elefn, with on full yere hath
finisht all those ways.

A yere doth aske the fourt, and houres therto
six,
And in the same the day his Iye the sonne
therin he stix.

The third that governd is by that, that
governth me :
And love for love and for no love, provokes,
as oft we se.

In like space doth performe that course that
did the tothr
So doth the next to the same that second is
in order.

But it doth bere the stern that calld is
Mercury
That mayni a crafty secret stepp doth tred,
as calcars try.

That skye is last and first next us ; those ways
hath gone
In sevin and twenty comon days, and eke the
third of one ;
And beryth with his sway the diverse mone
abowt,
Now bryght, now browne, now bent, now
full, and now her lyght is owt.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

The two
motions
of the
Spheres.

Thus have they of their owne two movinges
all those sevin;

One : wherin thei be carid still eche in his
severall hevin;

An othr : of hym sellffes where their bodis
ben layd

In by ways, and in lesser rowndes, as I afore
have sayd

Saff of them all, the sonne doth stray lest
from the straight,

The sterry sky hath but on course, that we
have calld the eight.

And all these moving eight ar ment from
west to thest,

Altho thei seme to clymb alofft, I say, from
est to west.

But that is but by force of the first moving
skye,

In twise twellff howres from est to thest that
caryth them bye and bye.

But mark me well also : these movinges of
these sevin

Be not about that axell tre of the first moving
hevin;

For thei have theire two poles directly tone
to tothr . . .

PARAPHRASE OF PSALMS ✓

Noli Emulare in Maligna Ps. 37.

Altho thou se showtragius clime aloft,
Envie not thowe his blinde prosperitie;
The welth of wretches tho it semeth soft,

Move not thye hert by theyre felicitye.
They shalbe found like grasse turnd into hay,
And as the herbes that wither sodenlye.

Stablishe thy trust in God, seke right allway,
And on the yerth thowe shalte inhabite long;
Ffede and encrease such hope from day to day,

And, if with God thow time thy hartie songe,
He shall the give what soo thy hart can lust.
Cast uppon God thy will that ryght thy wrong,

Gyve him the charge, for he upright and just,
Hath cure of the and of thy cares all;
And he shall make thy trowgh to be discust

Upright as the sone, and thy ryghtwisnes shall
(The cursids welth tho now do it deface)
Shine like the daylight that we the none call.

Patiently abide the Lordes assured grace;
Bere with even minde the trouble that he sendes;
Dismay the not, tho thou se the purchase

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

Encresse of some, for suche like lucke God sendes
To wicked folke—[so prosper the untrue;].
Restrayne thy mind from wrath that ay offendes,

Do way all rage, and se thou do estewe
By their like dede, suche dedes for to committ;
For wikked folke their overthrow shall rewe.

Who patientlie abid and do not flitt,
They shall possede the world from heire to hayre;
The wikked shall of all his welth be quitt

So sodainly, and that without repaire,
That all his pompe and his straung aray
Shall from thyn Iye departe as blast of ayre.

The sobre thene the world shall weld, I say,
And live in welth and pes so plentifull.
Him to distroy the wikked shall assay,

And gnashe his teeth with groninge yrefull;
The Lord shall scorn the threatninges of the wretche;
For He doeth know the tyde is nigh at full

When he shall syncke, and no hande shall him seeche.
They have unsheathed eke their bloudye brands,
And bent their bowe, to prove if they might reache

To overthrowe the [just; stretched forth their honds,]
Bare of relief the harmelesse to devour.
The sword shall pearce the hart of such that fonds;

Their bowe shall breake in their moste endeavour.
A little livinge gotten rightfullie,
Passeth the richesse and eke the highe power

PARAPHRASE OF PSALMS

Of that that wretches have gatherd wickedlye.
Perish shall the wickedes posteritie ;
And God shall stablishe the just assuredlye.

The just mans dayes the Lorde doeth know & se,
Theire heritage shall last for evermore,
And of their hope beguylde they shall not be.

When dismold dayes shall wrappe the tother sore,
They shall be full when other faynte for foode,
Ther whylst shall fail these wicked men therefore.

To Gods enemyes suche end shalbe alowd,
As hath lambs grece wastinge in the fyre,
That is consumde into a smoking clowd.

Boroweth the unjust withoute will or desyre
To yelde agayne ; the just frelye doeth give
Where he seeth nede, as mercye doeth requyre.

Who willeth Hym well for right therfore shall live ;
Who banysshe Hym shall be rooted awaye ;
His steppes shall God directe still and relieve

And please Hym shall what lyff hym list assaye.
And tho he fall, under fote lye shall not he ;
Catchinge his hand for God shall streight hym staye.

Nor yet his seede foodeles, sene for to be.

The just to all men mercyfull hath bene,
Busye to do well ; therfore his seede I say
Shall have habundaunce all waye freshe and grene.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

Flee yll, do good, that thou maist last allwaye ;
For God doeth love for evermore the uprighte :
Never his chosen doeth he cast awaye ;

For ever he them myndeth daye and night,
And wicked seede alwaye shall waste to nought :
The just shall welde the world as their own right :

And longe thereon shall dwell as they have wrought.
With wisdom shall the wyse mans mouth him able ;
His tong shall speke alwaye even as it ought ;

With Gods lerninge he hath his hert stable ;
His foote therfore from slydinge shall be sure.
The wicked watcheth the just for to disable,

And for to see him doeth his busy cure
But God will not suffer him for to quaile
By tyrannye, nor yet, by faulte unpure,

To be condemned in judgement without faile.
Awayte therfore the coming of the Lorde,
Live with His lawes in patience to prevayle,

And He shall raise thee of thyne owne accorde.
Above the erth, in suretie to beholde
The wickedes deth, that thou may it recorde

I have well sene the wicked shene lyke golde,
Lustye and grene as Lawrell lasting aye,
But evyn anow and scant his seate was colde,

When I have past agayne the self same waye
Wher he did raigne, he was not to be founde,
Vanyshd he was for all his freshe arraye.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALMS

Let uprightnes be still thy stedfast grounde,
Ffollowe the right : suche one shall alwaye fynde
Hym self in peace and plentye to habounde ;

All wicked folke reversyd shall [be] untwynde,
And wretchednes shall be the wickedes ende,
Helthe to the juste from God shall be assignde,

He shall them strengthe whom troble shoulde offend ;
The Lord shall help I say and them delyver
From cursed hondes, and helthe unto them send,
For that in Hym they sett their truste for ever.

THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS

H. S.

The great Macedon that out of Persë chasyd
Darius, of whose huge power all Asy rang,
In the riche arke of Homers rymes be placyd,
Who fayned gestes of Hethen Prynces sang.

What holly grave, what wourthy sepulture,
To Wyates Psalmes shuld Christians then purchase?
When he dothe paynte the lyvely fayths, and pure :
The stedfast hoope the swete returne to grace

Of just Davyd, by parfite penytence ;
Where Rewlers may se in a myrroure clere
The bitter frewte of false concupiscense,
From Jewry bought Uryas deathe full dere.

In Prynces hartes goddes scourge yprynted depe
Myght them awake out of their synfull slepe.

THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS

FIRST PROLOGUE

Love to gyve law unto his subject hertes
Stode in the lyes of Barsabe the bryght,
And in a look anone hymself convertes
Cruelly plesant byfore Kyng David syght;
First dasd his lyes, and forder forth he stertes
With venemd breth, as sofftly as he myght,
Towcht his sensis, and over ronnis his bonis
With creping fyre, spasplid for the nonis.
And when he saw that kendlid was the flame
The moyst poyson in his hert he launcyd,
So that the sowle did tremble with the same
And in this brawle as he stode and trauncyd
Yelding unto the figure and the frame
That those fayre lyes had in his presense glauncid
The forme that love had printyd in his brest
He honorth it as thing off thinges best.
So that forgott the wisdome and fore cast,
(Wych wo to Remes when that thes kynges do lakk)
Forgettyng eke Goddes maiestie as fast,
Ye, and his own : forthwith he doth to mak
Urye to go in to the feld in hast;
Urye, I say, that was his Idolles mak;
Under pretence off certen victorye,
For enmy's swordes a redy pray to dye.
Wherby he may enjoy her out of dowl
Whom more then God or hymself he myndyth;
And after he had browght this thing about,
And off that lust posest hym sellff, he fyndyth

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAȚ

That hath, and doeth reverse, and clene torn owt
Kynges from kyndomes, and cytes undermyndyth;
He blyndyd thinkes this trayne so blynd & closse
To blynd all thing that nowght may it disclosse.

But Nathan hath spyd owt this trecherye,
With rufull chere and settes afore his face
The gret offence, outrage, and Iniurye
That he hath done to God as in this case,
By murder for to klok Adulterye.

He showth hym ek from hevyn the thretes, alas,
So sternly sore this prophet, this Nathan,
That all amasid this agid wooful man,

Lyke hym that metes with horroure and with fere,
The hete doth strayt forsake the lymms cold:
The colour eke drowpith down form his chere;
So doth he fele his fyer maynifold
His hete, his lust, and plesur, all in fere
Consume and wast: and strayt his crown of gold,
His purpull pall his sceptre he lettes fall,
And to the ground he throwth hymselff with all.

The pompous pryd of state and dygnite
Forthwith rabates repentant humblenes;
Thynner vyle cloth then clothyth poverte
Doth skantly hyde and clad his nakednes;
His fayre hore berd of reverent gravite,
With ruffled here knowyng his wykednes;
More lyke was he the sellff same repentance,
Then statly prynce off woroldly governance.

THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS

His harpe he taketh in hand to be his guyde,
Wherwith he offerth his plaintes, his sowle to save,
That from his hert distilles on evry syde ;
With drawyng hym in to a dark cave
Within the grownd, wherin he myght hym hyde,
Fleing the lyght as in pryson or grave ;
In wych as sone as David enterd had,
The dark horroure did mak his fawte a drad.
But he without prolonging, or delay
Of that, that myght his Lord his God apese,
Fallth on his knees, and with his harp I say,
Afore his brest, frawtyd with disese,
Off stormy syghes, his chere colourd lyk clay,
Dressyd upryght, sekyng to conterpese
His song with syghes, and towching of the strynges,
With tendre hert lo thus to God he synges :

FIRST PENITENTIAL PSALM

Domine ne in furore Ps. 6.

O Lord sins in my mowth thy myghty name
Sufferth it sellff, my Lord to name and call :
Here hath my hert hope taken by the same,

That the repentanc wych I have and shall
May at thi hand seke marcy as the thing,
Only comfort of wrechid synners all,

Wherby I dare with humble bymonyng,
By thy goodnes of the this thing require :
Chastyse me not for my deserving

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

According to thy just conceyvid Ire.

O Lord, I dred, and that I did not dred
I me repent, and evermore desyre

The, The, to dred. I open here and spred
My fawte to thee, but Thou for thi goodnes
Mesure it not in largenes nor in bred

Punish it not as askyth the grettnes
Off thi furour provokt by my offence
Tempre O Lord the harme of my excesse

With mendyng will that I for recompense
Prepare agayne; and rather pite me,
For I ame weke and clene without defence;

More is the nede I have of remede,
For off the hole the Lech takyth no cure;
The shepe that strayth the sheperd seketh to se;

I Lord ame stray'd, I, sek without recure,
Fele all my lymys, that have rebelld for fere,
Shake in dispayre, onles thou me assure;

My flesh is trobled, my hert doth fere the spere;
The dred of deth, of deth that ever lastes,
Threteth of ryght, and draweth nere and nere.

Moche more, my sowle is trobled by the blastes
Of these assaultes, that come as thicke as hayle,
Of worldlye vanytie, that temptation castes

Agaynst the weke bulwarke of the flesshe frayle,
Wherin the soule in great perplexite
Feleth the senses, with them that assayle,

THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS

Conspyre, corrupt by use and vanyte ;
Wherby the wretch doeth to the shadowe resorte
Of hope in The, in this extremite.

But thou O Lord, how long after this sorte
Fforberest thou to see my myserye ;
Suffer me yet, in hope of some comfort,

Ffere, and not fele, that thou forgettest me.
Return O Lord, O Lord, I thee besech,
Unto thyn olde wonted benignite ;

Reduce, revyve, my sowle ; be thow the Lech,
And reconcyle the great hatred and stryff
That it hath tan agaynst the flesshe ; the wretch

That stirred hath thie wrath by fylthye lyff ;
See how my sowle doeth frete it to the bones,
Inwarde remorse so sharpith it like a knyff.

That but thow help the caitiffe, that bemones
His gret offence, it turneth anon to dust.
Here hath thy mercy matter for the nones ;

For if thy rightuous hand that is so just
Suffer no synne, or stryke with dampnacion,
Thyn infnyte mercy want,—nedes it must,—

Subjecte matter for his operacion ;
For that in deth theris no memorye
Among the dampneyd ; nor yet no mencion

Of thy gret name, grownde of all glory.
Then if I dye and goo wher as I fere
To thinck theron, how shall thy gret mercy

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

Sownde in my mowth unto the worldes ere ;
For ther is none that can the lawde and love
For that thou wilt no love among them there.

Suffer mye cryes thy mercy for to move
That wonted is a hundred yeres offence
In momente of repentance to remove.

How ofte have I calde up with diligence
This slowthfull flesshe. longe afore the day,
For to confesse his fault and negligence,

That to The done, for ought that I cowld say
Hath still returnd to shroude itself from cold ;
Wherbye it sufferth nowe for suche delay,

By nyghtlye playntes, in stede of pleasures olde,
I washe my bed with teres contynuall,
To dull my sight, that it be never bolde

To stirr my hert agayne to suche a fall.
Thus drye I up among my foes in woo
That with my fall do rise and grow with all

And me bysette even now, where I am so,
With secrett trapps to troble my penance.
Som do present to my weping lyes lo

The chere, the manere bealte, and countenance
Off her whose lok alas did mak me blynd ;
Sum othr offer to my remembrans

Those plesant wordes now bitter to my mynd ;
And sum show me the powre of my armor,
Triumph, and conquest ; and to my hed assind

THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS

Dowble Diademe : sum show the favor
Of peple frayle, palais, pompe, & riches ;
To these Marmaydes and theyre baytes of error

I stopp myn eris, with help of thy goodnes ;
And for I fele it comith alone of The,
That to my hert thes foes have non acces

I dare them bid ; “ Avoyd ! Wreches and fle !
“ The Lord hath hard the voyce off my complaynt ;
Your engins take no more effect in me.

The Lord hath herd I say and sen me faynt
Under your hand, and piteth my distres ;
He shall do mak my sensis, by constraint,

Obbey the rule that reson shall express,
Wher the deceyte of yower glosing baite
Made them usurp a powre in all exces.

Shamid be they all that so ly in whaite
To compas me, by missing of their pray ;
Shame and rebuke redound to suche decayte.

(Sodayne confusion is stroke without delay
Shall so defface their crafty sugestion,
That they to hurt my helth no more assay
Sins I O Lord remayne in thy protection.

SECOND PROLOGUE ✓

Who so hath sene the sikk in his fevour,
 Affter treux taken with the hete or cold,
 And that the fitt is past, his furuour,
 Draw faynting syghes; let hym I say behold
 Sorowful David, affter his langour,
 That with the terys, that from his Iyes downrold,
 Pausid his plaint and layd adown his harp,
 Faythfull record of all his sorows sharp.

It semid now that of his fawt the horroure
 Did make aferd no more his hope of grace,
 The thretes whereoff in horrible errour,
 Did hold his hert as in despair a space,
 Till he had willd to seke for his socour
 Hym selff accusing, be knowyng his case,
 Thinking so best his Lord for to apese
 Eesd, not yet held, he felith his disese.

Semyth horrible no more the darke cave
 That erst did make his fault for to tremble;
 A place devout, or refuge for to save
 The Socourles, it rather doth resemble;
 For who had sene so knele with in the grave
 The chieff Pastor of thebrews assemble,
 Wold juge it made, by terys of penitence,
 A sacred place worthi of reverence.

THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS

With vapord Iyes he lokyth here and there,
And when he hath a while hym sellff bethowght,
Gadryng his sprites that were dismayd for fere,
His harp agayne into his hand he rowght;
Tunyng accord by Jugement of his ere
His hertes botum for a sigh he sowght,
And therewith all apon the holow tre
With strainid voyce agayne thus cryth he :

SECOND PENITENTIAL PSALM

Beati quorum remisse sunt Ps. 32.

Oh happy ar they that have forgiffnes gott
Off their offence; (not by their penitence
As by meryt wych recompensyth not;

Altho that yet pardone hath non offence
Withoute the same); but by the goodnes
Off Him that hath perfect intelligens

Off hert contrite, and coverth the grettnes
Of syn within a mercifull discharge;
And happy ar they that have the willfullnes

Of lust restraynid afore it went at large,
Provokyd by the dred of Goddes furour,
Wherby thei have not on theyre bakes the charge

Of others fawte, to suffer the dolour;
For that their fawte was never execute
In opyn syght, example of error.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

And happi is he, to whom God doth impute
No more his fawte, by knowleging his syn,
But clensid now the Lord doth hym reput(e).

As adder freshe, new stryppid from his skin,
Nor in his sprite is owght undiscoverd.
I for by cawse I hidd it still within

Thynking by state in fawte to be preferd,
Do fynd, by hyding of my fawte, my harme ;
As he that feles his helth to be hinderd

By secret wound, concealid from the charme
Of lechis cure, that elles had had redresse ;
And fele my bonis consume and wax unfarme

By dayly rage, roring in excesse.
Thy hevy hand on me was so encrest
Both day and nyght, and held my hert in presse

With priking thoughtes, by reving me my rest ;
That wytherd is my lustynes a way,
As somer hettes that hath the grene oprest.

Wherfore I did an othr way assay
And sowght forthwith to opin in thy syght
My fawt, my fere, my filthines I say ;

And not to hide from The my gret unryght,
" I shall," quod I, " agaynst my sellff confesse
" Unto the, Lord, all my synfull plyght."

And thou forthwith didst wash the wikkednes
Off myn offence ; of trowght ryght thus it is.
Wherfor they that have tastid thy goodnes

THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS

At me shall take example as of this,
And pray and seke in tyme, for tyme of grace.
Then shall the stormes and fluddes of harme hym mis

And hym to rech shall never have the space.
Thow art my refuge, and only save gard;
From the troubles that compasse me, the place.

Suche Joy as he that skapis his enmis ward
With losid bondes, hath in his libertie,
Such Joy, my Joy, thou hast to me prepard;

That as the Seman in his jeopertie
By soden lyght perceyvid hath the port,
So by thy gret mercifull propertie,

Within thy lok thus rede I my comfort :—
I shall the tech and gyve understandyng
And poynt to the what way thou shalt resort

For thi adresse to kepe the from wandryng;
Myn Iye shall tak the charge to be thy guyde;
I aske therto of the alone this thing :

Be not like horse or mule that man doth ryde,
That not alone doth not his master know,
But, for the good thou dost hym, must be tyde

And brydeld, lest his guyd he bite or throw.
Oh dyverse ar the chastysinges off syn!
In mete, in drynk, in breth that man doth blow,

In slepe, in wach, in fretyng styll within,
That never soffer rest unto the mynd;
Filld with offence, that new and new begyn

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

With thousand feris the hert to strayne and bynd !
But for all this, he that in God doth trust
With marcy, shall hymself defendid fynd.

Joy ! and rejoyse ! I say, ye that be just,
In Him that makth and holdyth yow ; so still
In Him your glory alwey set yow must,
All ye that be of upryght hert and will !

THIRD PROLOGUE ✓

This song endid David did stint his voyce,
And in that while about he with his lye,
Did seke the Cave with wich withouten noyce,
His sylence semid to argew and repleye ;
Apon this pees, this pees, that did rejoyce
The sowle with mercy, that mercy so did crye,
And fownd mercy at mercyes plentiful hand,
Never denid but whre it was withstand.

As the servant that in his masters face
Fyndyth pardon of his passid offence,
Consyderyng his gret goodnes and his grace,
Glad teris distills as gladsome recompense ;
Ryght so David, that semid in that place
As marble ymage of singulor reverence,
Carffd in the rokk : with lyes and handes on hygh
Made as by crafft to plaine, to sobbe, to sygh.

This while a beme that bryght sonne forth sendes,
That sonne the wich was never cloud cowd hide,
Percyth the cave and on the harpe distendes,
Whose glauncyng light the cordes did over glyde :
And such luyster apon the harpe extendes,
As lyght off lampe apon the gold clene tryde,
The torne wheroff in to his lyes did stert,
Surprisd with Joye, by penance of the hert.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

He then inflamd with farr more hote affect,
Of God than he was erst off Bersabe,
His lift fote did on the yerth erect,
And just therby remaynthe tothr kne ;
To his lift syde his wayght he doth direct,
Sure hope of helth, and harpe agayne takth he,
His hand, his tune, his mynd, sowght his lay,
Wych to the Lord with sobre voyce did say.

THIRD PENITENTIAL PSALM ✓

Dme me in furore tuo arguas me Ps. 38.

O Lord as I thee have both prayd and pray,
(Altho in the be no alteration
But that we men lik as our sellffes we say

Mesuryng thy Justice by our mutations)
Chastice me not, O Lord, in thy furour,
Nor me correct in wrathfull castigation,

Ffor that thi arrows off fere, off terrour,
Of sword, of seknes, off famine, and of fyre,
Stikked diepe in me, I lo from myn errour

Ame plongid up, as horse out of the myre
With strok off spurr, such is thi hand on me ;
That in my fleshe, for terrour of thi yre

Is not oon poynt of ferme stabilite
Nor in my bonis ; there is no stedfastnes,
Such is my drede of mutabilite ;

THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS

Ffor that I know my frailefull wykednes ;

For why, my sinns above my hed ar bownd.

Lik hevi wheyght that doth my force oppresse ;

Under the wych I stowp and bowe to grownd

As whilow plant, haled by vyolence ;

And off my flesh ech not well curyd wound

That festred is by foly, and neclegens,

By secret lust hath ranklyd under skyn,

Not duly curyd by my penitence.

Perceyving thus the tyranny off sin,

That with his wheat hath humblid and deprest

My pryd, by gruging off the worme within

That never dyth, I lyve withouten rest ;

So ar myn entrayles infect w̄ith fervent sore,

Fedyng the harme that hath my welth oprest ;

That in my flesh is lefft no helth therfore ;

So wondrous gret hath bene my vexation,

That it hath forst my hart to crye and rore.

O Lord thou knowst the' inward contemplation,

Off my desire ; thou knowst my syghes and plaintes :

Thou knowst the teres of my lamentation

Can not expresse my hertes inward restraintses ;

My hart pantyth, my force I fele it quaile

My syght, myn Iyes, my lok, dekays and fayntes ;

And when my enmys did me most assayle,

My frendes most sure, wherein I sett most trust,

Myn own vertus sonest then did ffaile

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

And stond apart ; reson and witt unjust,
As kyn, unkynd, were fardest gone at nede ;
So had they place theire venim out to thrust
That sowght my deth by nowghty word and dede,
Their tonges reproch, theire wittes did fraude aplye
And I, lyke deffh and domme forth my way yede,
Lyk one that heris not, nor hath to replye
One word agayne, and knowyng that from thi hand
Thes thinges procede ; thow O Lorde shalt supplye
My trust in The wherein I stikk and stand.
Yet have I had gret cawse to dred and fere
That thou woldst gyve my ffoos the over hand,
Ffor in my ffall they shewd suche plesant chere,
And ther with all I alway in the lash
Abyd the strok, and with me everywhere
I bere my fawte that gretly doth abashe
My dowllfull chere ; ffor I my fawt confesse
And my desert doth all my comffort dashe.
In the mene while myn Enmys saffe encesse,
And my provokars herby do augment
That with out cause to hurt me do not cesse ;
In evill for good agaynst me they be bent,
And hinder shall my good persuyt off grace,
Lo, now my God, that seist my hole intent
My Lord ! I ame thow knowst well in what case ;
Fforsak me not, be not farr from me gone ;
Hast to my help, hast Lord and hast apace,
O Lord the Lord off all my helth alone !

FOURTH PROLOGUE

Lik as the pilgryme that in a long way
Fayntyng for hete, provokyd by some wind,
In some fresh shaade lith downe at mydes off day,
So doth off David the weryd voyce and mynd,
Tak breth off syghes when he had song this lay;
Under such shaad as sorow hath assynd.
And as the ton still myndes his viage end,
So doth the tothr to mercy still pretend.

On sonour cordes his fingers he extendes
Without heryng or jugement off the sownd
Down from his Iyes a streme of terys distendes
Without feling that trykill on the grownd;
As he that bledes in baigne, ryght so intendes
Th altryd sensis to that that thei ar bownd.
But syght and wepe he can non othr thing
And lok up still unto the hevins Kyng.

But who had bene without the Cavis mowth,
And herd the terys and syghs that he did strayne,
He wold have sworne there had, out of the sowth,
A lewk warme wynd, browght forth a smoky rayne.
But that so close the Cave was and unkowth,
That none but God was record off his payne,
Elles had the wynd blowne in all Israelles erys,
The woffull plaint, and of their Kyng the terys.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIA T

Off wich some part when he up supplyd hade,
Lik as he whom his owne thought affrays
He torns his look, hym semith that the shade
Of his offence agayne his force assays,
By violence, dispaire on hym to lade.

Sertyng lik hym whom sodeyne fere dismayes
His voyce he strainis and from his hert out bringes
This song that I not wyther he crys or singes

FOURTH PENITENTIAL PSALM

Miserere mei domine Ps. 51.

Rew on me Lord for thy goodnes and grace,
That off thy nature art so bountefull,
Ffor that goodnes, that in the world doth brace

Repugnant natures, in quiet wonderfull;
And for thy mercys number without end,
In hevin and yerth perceyvid so plentefull,

That over all they do them sellffes extend,
Ffor those marcys much more then man can synn.
Do way my synns that so thy grace offend!

Agayne wash me, but wash me well within,
And from my synn that thus makth me affrayd,
Make thou me clene as ay thy wont hath byn.

Ffor unto The no nombre can be layd
For to prescrybe remissions off offence,
In hertes retornd, as thow thy sellff hast sayd.

THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS

And I be know my ffawt my neclegence,
And in my syght my synn is fixid fast,
Theroff to have more perfett penitence.

To The alone, to The have I trespass,
Ffor none can mesure my fawte but thou alone,
For in thy syght I have not bene agast

For to offend, Juging thi syght as none,
So that my fawt were hid from syght of man;
Thy majestie so from my mynd was gone.

This know I and repent : pardon thow than,
Wherby thou shalt kepe still thy word stable,
Thy Justice pure and clene ; by cawse that whan

I pardond ame, then forthwith justly able,
Just, I ame jugd, by justice off thy grace ;
Ffor I my sellff, lo, thing most unstable,

Fformd in offence ; conceyvid in like case :
Ame nowght but synn from my natyvite.
Be not this sayd for my excuse alase,

But off thy help to shew necessite,
Ffor lo thou loves the trowgh off inward hert
Wich yet doth lyve in my fidelite ;

Tho I have fallen by fraylte overthwart,
(Ffor willfull malice led me not the way
So much as hath the flesh drawn me apart)

Wherefore O Lord as thou hast done alway,
Tech me the hydden wisdom off thy lore,
Sins that my fayth doth not yet deokay.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

And as the Juyz to hele the liepre sore,
With hysope clense,—clense me, and I ame clene;
Thou shalt me wash, and more then snow therefore

I shall be whight,—how foule my faut have bene.
Thow off my helth shalt gladsome tydynges bryng,
When from above remission shall be sene.

Descend on yerth; then shall for joye up spryng
The bonis, that were afore consumd to dust.
Look not, O Lord, apon myn offendyng,

But do a way my dedes that ar unjust.
Mak a clene hert in the myddes off my brest
With upryght spryte, purgid from all vile lust

Ffrom thyn Iyes cure cast me not in unrest,
Nor take from me thy spryte of holynesse,
Rendre to me Joye off thy help and rest;

My will conferme with spryte off stedfastnesse;
And by this shall thes goodly thinges ensue:
Sinners I shall in to thy ways adresse;

They shall retorne to the and thy grace sue.
My tong shall prayse thy Justification,
My mowth shall spred thy gloryus praysis true.

But off thy sellff O God, this operation
It must proced, by purging me from blood;
Among the Just that I may have relation.

And of thy lawdes for to let owt the flood
Thou must, O Lord, my lypps furst unlose;
Ffor if thou hadst estemid plesant good

THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS

The owtward dedes that outward men disclose,
I wold have offerd unto The sacrifice,
Butt thou delyghtes not in no such glose

Off owtward dede, as men dreame and devyse.
The sacrifice that the Lord lykyth most
Is spryt contryt; low hert in humble wyse

Thou dost accept, O God for plesant host,
Make Syon, Lord, acordyng to thy will,
Inward Syon, the Syon of the ghost,

Off hertes Hierusalem; strength the walles still;
Then shalt thou take for good thes uttward dedes,
As sacryfice thy plesure to fullfill,
Off The alone thus all our good procedes.

FIFTH PROLOGUE

Off diepe secretes that David here did sing,
Off mercy, off fayth, off frailte, off grace,
Off Goddes goodnes, and of Justifying,
The gretnes dyd so astonne hym self a space,
As who myght say : who hath exprest this thing?
I synner I, what have I sayd, alas?
That Goddes goodnes wold within my song entrete,
Let me agayne considre and repete.

And so he doth; but not exprest by word,
But in his hert he tornith, and paysith
Ech word that erst his lypps myght forth aford,
He poyntes, he pawstith, he wonders, he praysith
The marcy, that hydes of Justice the swourd,
The Justice that so his promesse complysith
For his wordes sake, to worthillesse desert
That gratis his graces to men doth depart.

Here hath he comfort, when he doth mesure
Mesureles marcys to mesureles fawte,
To prodigal sinners infinit tresure,
Tresure termeles that never shall defawte,
Ye when that sinn shall fayle & may not dure
Mercy shall reygne; gaine whome shall no assawte
Off hell prevaile, by whome lo at this day,
Off hevin gates Remission is the kay.

THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS

And when David hath ponderd well and tryd,
And seith hym sellff not utterly deprivid
From lyght of grace, that derk of sinn dyd hyde,
He fyndes his hope so much therwith revivid,
He dare importune the Lord on every syde;
For he knowth well to mercy is ascrybid
Respectles labour, importune, crye and call,
And thus begynth his song therwithall :

FIFTH PENITENTIAL PSALM

Dme exaudi orationem meum Ps. 102.

Lord! here my prayer! and let my crye passe
Unto The Lord withowte impediment;
Do not from me torne thy mercifull face,

Unto my sellff leving my government.
In tyme off troble and adversitye
Incline to me thyn ere, and thyn intent,

And when so I call help my necessitye;
Redely graunt theeffect off my desyre;
Thes bold demaundes do plese thy majestye

And ek my Case, such hast doth well require.
For like as smok my days bene past awaye,
My bonis dryd up as forneis with the fyre;

My hert my mynd is wytherd up like haye,
By cawse I have forgot to take my brede
My brede of lyff, the word of trowth I saye;

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

And ffor my plaintes, my syghes and my drede
My bonis, my strenght, my very force of mynde
Cleved to the flesh, and from the spryte were fiede.

I as dispairate thy mercy for to fynd,
So made I me the solaine pelycane :
And lyke th owle that fleith, by propre kynd,

Lyght of the day, and hath her sellff betane
To kuyut lyff, out off all companye,
With waker care that with this wo bygane ;

Lik the sparow was I solytarye
That sittes alone under the howsis eyes ;
This while my foes conspired continually

And did provok the harme off my dises ;
Wherfor like ashes my bred did me savour
Of thi just word, the tast myght not me ples.

Wherfor my drynk I temperd with lycour
Off weping teris, that from myn Iyes do rayne
By cawse I know the wrath off thy furour,

Provokt by ryght had off my pride disdayne ;
For thou didst lyfft me up to throw me downe
To teche me how to know my sellff agayne,

Wherby I knew that helpes I shold drowne.
My days like shadow declyme and I do drye ;
And The, for ever Eternte doth crowne ;

World without end doth last thy memorye.
For this frailte that yokyth all manekynd,
Thou shalt a wake, and rue this misery ;

THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS

Rue on Syon, Syon that, as I fynd
Is the peple that lyve under thy law ;
For now is tyme, the tyme at hand assynd,
The tyme so long, that doth thy servantes draw
In gret desyre, to se that plesant day,
Day off redeming Syon ffrom sins Aw.

Ffor they have ruth to se in such decay,
In dust and stones, this wrechid Syon lowr ;
Then the gentilles shall dred thy name alway ;

All erthly kinges thy glory shall honour,
Then when thy grace thi Syon thus redemith,
When thus thou hast declard thy myghtye powre :

The Lord, his servauntes wishis so estemith
That he hym tornth unto the poores request,
To our discent this to be written semith

Off all comfortes as consolation best.
And thei that then shalbe regenerate
Shall praise the Lord therfore both most and lest.

Ffor he hath lokt from the heyght of his estate ;
The Lord from hevyn in yerth hath lokt on us,
To here the mone of them that as algate

In fowle bondage ; to lose and to discus
The sonns of deth owt from their dedly bond ;
To gyve therby occasion gracios ;

In this Syon, His holy name to stond,
And in Hierusalem his laudes lastyng ay,
When in one chirche the peple off the lond,

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

And remedies, bene gaderd to serve, to lawd, to pray.
The Lord alone so just and mercyfull.
But to this samble runnyng in the way

My strenght faylyth to reche it at the full:
He hath abridg'd my days, they may not dure
To see that terme, that terme so wonderfull.

Altho I have with herty will and cure
Prayd to the Lord: Take me not Lord away
In myddes off my yeres, tho thyn, ever sure

Remayne eterne, whom tyme can not dekey.
Thow wrowghtst the yerth, thy handes thevyns did
make
Thei shall perysh and thou shalt last alway.

And althinges aye shall were and overtake
Like cloth, and thou shalt chainge them like aparell,
Tourne and translate, and thei in worth it take;

But Thou Thy sellff, the sellff remaynist well
That thou wast erst; and shalt thi yeres extend;
Then sins to this there may nothing rebell,

The grettest comfort that I can pretend
Is, that the childerne off thy servantes dere
That in thy word ar gott, shall without end
Byfore thy face be stablisht all in fere.

SIXTH PROLOGUE ✓

When David had perceyvid in his brest
The sprite of God retournd that was exild,
By cause he knew he hath alone exprest
Thes grete thinges that greter spryte compild.
As shalme or pype letes owt the sownd imprest
By musikes art, forgid tofore and fyld,
I say when David had perceyvid this
The sprite of comfort in him revivid is.

Ffor therapon he makyth argument
Off reconsiling unto the Lordes grace ;
Altho sometyme to prophecy have lent
Both brut bestes and wikkyd hertes a place,
But our David, jugith in his intent
Hym sellff by penance clene owt off this cace,
Wherby he hath remission off offence,
And gynnyth to alow his payne & penitence.

But when he weyth the fawt and recompense
He damth his dede and fyndyth playne
A twene them two, no whitt equivalence,
Wherby he takes all owtward dede in vayne,
To bere the name off ryghtfull penitence,
Wich is alone the hert retornd agayne ;
And sore contryt that doth his fawt bymone,
And owtward dede the sygne or fruyt alone.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIA T

With this he doth deffend the slye assault
Off vayne allowance of his voyde desert;
And all the Glory off his forgyven fault
To good alone he doth it hole convert.
His owne meryt he fyndyth in deffault,
And whilst he ponderth thes thinges in his hert,
His knee, his arme, his hand, sustenid his chyn,
When he his song agayne thus did begyn :

SIXTH PENITENTIAL PSALM ✓

De Profundis clamari Ps. 130.

From depth off sin and from a diepe dispaire,
From depth off deth, from depth off hertes sorow,
From this diepe Cave off darknes diepe repayre,

To The have I cald O Lord, to be my borow.
Thow in my voyce, O Lord, perceyve and here
My hert, my hope, my plaint, my overthrow,

My will to ryse, and let by graunt apere
That to my voyce thyn eres do well entend;
No place so farr that to The is not nere;

No depth so diepe that thou ne maist extend,
Thyn ere therto; here then my wofull plaint,
Ffor, Lord, if thou do' observe what men offend,

And putt thy natyff mercy in restraint;
If just exaction demaund recompence
Who may endure O Lord, who shall not faynt

THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS

At suche a compt? dred, and not reverence
Shold so raine large. But thou sekesh rather love
Ffor in thy hand is mercys residence

By hope wheroff thou dost our hertes move.
I in the Lord have set my confidence
My soule such trust doth evermore approve.

This holy word of eterne excellence,
Thy mercys promesse, that is alway just
Have bene my stay, my pillar and pretence.

My soule in God hath more desyrus trust,
Than hath the watchman loking for the day
By the relieffe to quench of slepe the thrust.

Let Israell trust unto the Lord alway,
Ffor grace and favour are his propertie :
Plenteous ransome shall come with hym I say.
And shall redeme all our iniquitie.

SEVENTH PROLOGUE

This word 'redeme' that in his mowth did sownd
Did put David, it semyth unto me,
As in a traunce to starre upon the grownd,
And with his thought the hyght of hevin to se,
Where he beholdes the Word that shold confownd
The sword off deth, by humble ere to be
In mortall mayd, in mortall habitt made
Eternall lyff in mortall vaile to shade.

He seith that Word, when full rype tyme shold come
Do way that vayle by fervent affectione,
Torne off with deth, for deth shold have her dome,
And lepeth lyghter from such corruptione.
The glutt of lyght that in the ayre doth lome,
Mann redemid, deth hath her distructione;
That mortall vaile hath immortalite;
David assurance off his iniquite.

Wherby he frames this reason in his hert :
" That Goodnes wych doth not forbere His Sonne
" From deth for me, and can therby convert
" My deth to lyff, my sin to salvation,
" Both can & woll a smaller grace depart
" To hym that suyth by humble supplication.
" And sins I have his larger grace assayd
" To aske this thing, whi am I then affrayd? "

THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS

“ He grauntyth most to them that most do crave,
And he delyghtes in suyte without respect ;
Alas my sonne persuys me to the grave
Sufferd by God my sinne for to correct ;
But of my sinne sins I my pardonne have
My sonnys persuyt shall shortly be reject.
Then woll I crave with suryd confidence.”
And thus begynnys the suyt off his pretence.

SEVENTH PENITENTIAL PSALM

Domine exaudi orationem meam Ps. 143.

Here my prayer, O Lord, here my request,
Complysh my bone, answeere to my desire,
Not by desert, but for thyn own byhest

In whose ferme trowgh, thou promest myn empyre
To stond stable, and after thy Justise
Performe, O Lord, the thing that I require ;

But not off law, after the forme and guyse,
To entre Jugement with thy thrall bond slave
To plede his ryght, for in such maner wyse

By fore thy syght no man his ryght shall save ;
Ffor off my sellff, lo this my ryghtwisenes,
By skourge and whipp and prykyng spurrs I have

Skante rysen up, such is my bestlynes ;
Ffor that, my enmy hath pursuyd my lyff
And in the dust hath soyld my lustines ;

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

Ffor that, in heins to fle his rage so ryff

He hath me forst as ded to hyd my hed;

And for bycawse within my sellff at stryff

My hert and spryte with all my force were fled,

I had recourse to tyms that have ben past,

And did remembre thy dedes in all my dred,

And did peruse thy workes that ever last;

Wherby I knew above those wondres all

Thy mercys were—Then lyfft I up in hast

My handes to Thee : my sowle to thee did call :

Like bareyne soyle, for moystre off thy grace.

Hast to my help, O Lord afore I fall,

Ffor sure I fele my spryte doth faynt a pace ;

Torne not thy face from me, that I be layd

In compt off them that hedlyng down to pase

In to the pitt. Shew me by tyms thyn Ayde

Ffor on thy grace I holly do depend

And in thi hand, sins all my helth is stayde.

Do me to know what way thou wolt I bend ;

Ffor unto The I have reysd up my mynd.

Rydd me O Lord, from that that do entend

My foos to me ; ffor I have me assind

Allway within thy secrette protection ;

Tech me thy will that I by The may fynd

The way to work the same in affection.

Ffor Thou, my God, thy blyssyd upryght spryte

In lond of trowght shalbe my dyrection.

THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS

Thow, for thy name, Lord, shalt revive my spryte
Within the ryght that I receyve by Thee,
Wherby my lyff off danger shalbe quyte.

Thou hast fordone their grete inquite
That vext my soule; thou shalt also confound
My foes O Lord for thy benigne,
Ffor thyn ame I thy servant ay most bound.

POEMS PECULIAR TO THE
DEVONSHIRE MS.

PART I



1

(1)

Take hede be tyme lest ye be spyde.
Your lovyng Iyes can not hyde,
At last the trouthe will sure be tryde
Therefore take hede !

(2)

For som there be of craftye kynde,
Thowe yow shew no parte of your mynde,
Surelye their Iyes yo can not blynde,
Therefore take hede !

(3)

Ffor in lyke case themselves hathe bene,
And thought ryght sure none had them sene,
But it was not as they did wene
Therefore take hede !

(4)

All though theye be of dyvers skooles
And well can use all craftye toolles
At lengthe they prove themselves but fooles
Therefore take hede !

(5)

Yf theye myght take you in that trape,
 They wolde sone leve yt in your lape,
 To love unspyde is but a happe,
 Therefore take hede !

2 ✓

My pen, take payn a lyttyll space
 To folow that whyche dothe me chase,
 And hathe in hold my hart so sore ;
 But when thou hast thys browght to passe,
 My pen I prithe, wryght nomore !

Remember, oft thou hast me easyd,
 And all my payne full well apeasyd
 But now I know, unknowen before,
 Ffor where I trust I am dysceavyd ;
 And yet my pen thou canst no more.

A tyme thou haddyst as other have,
 To wryght whyche way my hope to crave ;
 That tyme ys past, withdrawe therffore ;
 Syns we do lose that other save
 As good leve off and wryght no more.

In worthe to use another waye
 Not as we wold, but as we maye,
 For ons my losse ys past restore,
 And my desyre ys my decaye,
 My pen, yet wryght a lytyll more.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

To love in vayn who ever shall,
Of worldlye payn it passythe all,
As in lyke case I fynd; wherefore
To hold so fast and yet to ffall!
Alas my pen, now wryght no more!

Syns thow hast taken payn thys space
To folow that whyche dothe me chase
And hathe in hold my hart so sore,
Now hast thow browght my mynde to passe
My pen I prithe wryght no more!

fynys

3 ✓

(1)

I love lovyd and so dothe she,
And yet in love wee suffer still;
The cause is strange, as semeth me,
To love so well and want our will.

(2)

O deadly yea! o grevous smart!
Worse then refuse, unhappe gaine:
I love: whoever playd this part
To love so well and live in payn!

(3)

Was ever hert so well agrede
Syns love was love as I do trowe,
That in their love soo well did spede
To love so well and live in woo.

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

(4)

Thus morne wee bothe and hathe don long,
With wofull plaint and carefull voice,
Alas [alas] it is a grevous wrong,
To love so well and not reioyce.

(5)

And here an end of all our mone :
With sighinge oft my breth is skant,
Sins of myshappē ours is alone
To love so well and it to want.

(6)

But they that causer is of this
Of all our cares, god send them part,
That they may knowe what grefe it is
To love so well and live in smart.

4

(1)

Suffryng in sorow in hope to attayn
Desyryng in fere, and dare not complayn,
Trew of beleffe, in whome ys all my trust,
Do thou apply to ease me off my payn,
Els thus to serve and suffer styll I must.

(2)

Hope ys my hold, yet in dyspayre to speke
I dryve from tyme to tyme, and dothe not kepe
How long to lyve thus after loves lust,
In studye styll of that I dare not breke
Wherefore to serve and suffer styll I must.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIA T

(3)

Encrease of care I fynd bothe day and nyght,
I have that was ontyme all my delyght,
The cawse thereof ye know I have dyscuss,
And yet to reffrayn yt passythe my myght,
Wherefore to serve and suffer styll I must.

(4)

Love who so lyst at lengthe he shall well say
" To love and lyve in fere yt ys no play,"
Record that knowythe, and yf thys be not just
That whereas love dothe live, there is no way
But serve and suffer ever styll he must.

(5)

Then for to live with losse of libertye,
At last perchawnce shall be his remedye,
And for his trouthe reigneth with fals mistrust,
Who wold not rew to se how wrongfully—
Thus for to serve and suffer styll he must.

(6)

Untrew by trust oftymes hathe me betrayd,
Mysusyng my hope, styll to be delayd,
Fortune allways I have yt fownd unjust,
And so with lyke rewarde now am I payd,
That ys, to serve and suffer still I must.

(7)

Never to cesse, nor yet lyke to attayn
As long as I in fere dare not complayn,
True of beleff hathe allways ben my trust
And tyll she knowythe the cause of all my payn
Content to serve and suffer styll I must.

5 ✓

(1)

At last withdrawe your crueltie
 Or let me die at ons,
 It is too much extremitie
 Devised for the nons,
 To hold me thus alive
 In paine still for to dryve,
 What may I more sustayne
 Alas that dye wuld faine
 And cannot dye for paine.

(2)

For to the flame wherewith ye burne
 My thought and mye desyr,
 When into ashys it shulde turn
 My hert by fervent fyer,
 Ye send a stormy rayn,
 That dothe it quenche agayn,
 And makes my Iyes expresse
 The teres that do redresse
 My lyff in wretchednes.

(3)

Then when thes shulde have drownde
 And overwhelmed my hart,
 The hart dothe then confownde
 Renewing all my smart,

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

Then dothe flame encrease,
My torment can not cease;
My woo doeth then revive,
And I remaine alyve
With Death still for to stryve.

(4)

But if that he wolde have my death
And that ye wolde no nother
Shortly then for to spare my breth
Withdrawe the ton or tother;
For thus your cruelnes
Doeth let itself dowbtles
And it is reason why
No man alyve nor I
Of double death can dy.

6

(1)

To wette your Iye withouten teare,
And in good helth to faine desease,
That you therby myn Iye myght bleare,
Therwith your other frendes to please.
And tho ye thinke ye ned not feare
Yet so ye can not me apease
But as ye list, faine, flater, or glose
Ye shall not wyne if I do lose.

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(2)

Prate and paint and spare not,
 Ye know I can me worke;
 And if so be ye can so not,
 Be sure I do not reke;
 And thowe ye swere it were not
 I can bothe swere and speke;
 By God and by this crusse
 If I have the mok, ye shall have the loss.

7 ✓

(1)

What menythe thys, when I lye alone
 I tosse, I turn, I syght, I grone,
 My bedd me semys as hard as stone,
 What menyts thys?

(2)

I syght, I playne contynually,
 The clothes that on the bedd do ly
 Always methynk they lye awry,
 What menyts thys?

(3)

In slumbers oft for fere I quake,
 Ffor hete and cold, I burne and shake,
 Ffor lake of slepe my hede dothe ake,
 What menyts thys?

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(4)

A mornynge then when I do ryse,
I torne unto my wonted gyse,
All day after muse and devyse
What meny thys?

(5)

And if perchance by me there passe
She unto whome I sue for grace,
The cold blood forsakythe my face.
What menythe thys?

(6)

But yff I sytte nere her by,
With lowd voyce my hart dothe cry,
And yet my mowthe is dome and dry.
What meny thys?

(7)

To aske ffor helpe, no hart I have,
My tong dothe fayle what I shuld crave,
Yet inwardly I rage and rave,
What meny thys?

(8)

Thus have I passyd many a yere,
And many a day, tho nowght apere
But most of that that most I fere.
What meny thys?

8 ✓

(1)

The hart and servys to yow profferd
 With ryght good wyll full honestly,
 Refuse yt not, syns yt ys offerd,
 But take yt to you gentyly.

(2)

And tho it be a small present,
 Yet good, consyder gracyously
 The thought, the mynd, and the entent
 Of him that lovys you faythfully.

(3)

Yt were a thing of small effecte
 To worke my wo thus cruelly,
 Ffor my good wyll to be objecte,
 Therfor accepte it lovyngly.

(4)

Payn or travell, to run or ryde
 I undertake it pleasauntly,
 Bid ye me go and straye I glyde
 At your commandement humbly.

(5)

Payne or pleasure, now may you plant
 Evyn whyche it plese yow stedfastly;
 Do whyche yow lyst, I shall not want
 To be your servant secretly.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIA T

(6)

And syns so muche I do desyre
To be your owne assuryddly,
Ffor all my servys and my fyer
Reward your servaunte lyberally.

9

(1)

Farewell all my welfare,
My shoe is trode awry,
Now may I carke and care
To sing lullay by by.
Alas what shall I do thereto,
There is no shyffte to helpe me now.

(2)

Who made hytt suche offence
To love for love agayne;
God wot that my pretence
Was but to ease hys payn;
For I had Ruthe to see hys wo
Alas more fole why did I so?

(3)

Ffor he frome me ys gone,
And makes there at a game,
And hathe leffte me alone
To suffer sorow and shame.
Alas he ys unkynd dowbtles
To leve me thus all comfortles.

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

(4)

Hytt is a grevous smart
To suffer payne and sorowe,
But most grevyd my hart
He leyde his faith to borow;
And falshode hathe hys fayth and trowthe,
And he forsworn by many an othe.

(5)

All ye lovers perde,
Hath cawse to blame his dede,
Whyche shall example be
To lett yow of yowre spede;
Let never woman agayn
Trust to such wordes as men can sayn.

(6)

For I unto my cost
Am warnyng to yow all,
That they whom you trust most
Sonest dysceyve you shall;
But complaynte cannot redresse
Of my great greffe the great excesse.

10 ✓

(1)

A las poore man what hap have I
That must fforbere that I love best,
I trow it be my desteny
Never to lyve in quiet rest.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(2)

No wonder ys tho' I complayn,
Not without cause ye may be sure,
I seke ffor that I cannot attayn,
Whyche is my mortall dysplesure.

(3)

Alas pore hart as in thys case
With pensyff playntes thou art opprest
Unwysse thow wert to desyre place
Where as another ys possest.

(4)

Do what I can to ese thy smart,
Thow wylt not let to love her styll,
Hers and not myn lse thow art
Let her do by the as she wyll.

(5)

A carefull carkace full of payn
Now hast thow lefft to morne for the ;
The hart ons gone, the body ys slayn,
That ever I saw her wo is me !

(6)

Mine Iye alas was cause of thys
Whyche her to se had never hys ffill
To me that syght full bytter ys
In recompence of my good wyll.

(7)

She that I sarve all other above
 Hathe payd my hyre as ye may se
 I was unhappe, and that I prove,
 To love above my pore degre.

11 ✓

(1)

Ys yt possyble,
 That so hye debate,
 So sharpe, so sore, and off suche rate,
 Shuld end so sone that was begone so late,
 Is it possyble !

(2)

Ys yt possyble !
 So cruell intent
 So hasty hete and so sone spent,
 Ffrom love to hate, and thens ffor to relent,
 Is it possyble !

(3)

Ys yt possyble !
 That eny may fynde
 Within oon hart, so diverse mynd,
 To change or torn as wether and wynd,
 Is it possyble !

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIA'T

(4)

Is it possyble !
To spye it in an Iye
That tornys as oft as chance on dy,
The trothe whereoff can eny try ?
Is it possyble !

(5)

It is possyble
Ffor to torne so oft,
To bryng that lowyste that was most aloft,
And to fall hiest yet to lyght sofft,
It is possyble.

(6)

All ys possyble,
Who so list beleve ;
Trust therfore fyrst, and after preve :
As men wedd ladyes by lycence and leve
All ys possyble.

12 ✓

(1)

And wylt thou leve me thus ?
Say nay, say nay, ffor shame,
To save thee from the blame
Of all my greffe and grame ;
And wylt thou leve me thus !
Say nay, say nay !

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

(2)

And wylt thou leve me thus,
That hath lovyd the so long,
In welthe and woo among?
And is thy hart so strong
As for to leve me thus?

Say nay, say nay!

(3)

And wylt thou leve me thus
That haathe gevyn the my hart,
Never for to depart,
Nother for payn nor smart;
And wylt thou leve me thus!

Say nay, say nay!

(4)

And wylt thou leve me thus,
And have nomore pyttye
Of hym that lovythe the?
Helas thy cruellte!
And wylt thou leve me thus!

Say nay, say nay!

13 ✓

(1)

That tyme that myrthe dyd stere my shyp,
Whyche now is frowght with hevines,
And fortune beate not then the lyp,

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

But was defence of my distresse,
Then in my boke wrote my maystresse,
" I am yowris you may well be sure
" And shall be whyle my lyff dothe dure."

(2)

But she her selfe whyche then wrote that,
Is now myn extreme enemye ;
Above all men she dothe me hate,
Reioysng of my myserye ;
But though that for her sake I dye,
I shall be hers she may be sure,
As long as my lyff dothe endure.

(3)

It is not tyme that can were owt
With me that ons is fermly sett ;
Whyle nature kepys her corse about
My love from her no man can lett ;
Thowghe never so sore they me thrett
Yet am I hers she may be sure
And shall be whyle that lyff doeth dure.

(4)

And once I trust to see that day
Renewer of my Joy and welthe,
That she to me these wordes shall say :
" In faith welcome," to me myselfe,
" Welcome, my joy, welcome, my helthe,
" For I am thyne thow mayst be sure
" And shallbe whyle that lyff dothe dure."

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

(5)

Lo me alas, what woordes were these?
In covenant I myght fynd them so,
I reke not what smart or dysease
I suffred, so that I myght knoo
That she were myn, I myght be sure,
And shuld whyle that lyff dothe dure.

14 ✓

As power and wytt wyll me assyst
My wyll shall wyll evyn as ye lyst.

Ffor as ye lyst, my wyll is bent
In every thyng to be content,
To serve in love tyll lyff be spent
And to Reward my love thus ment
Evyn as ye lyst.

To fayn or fable ys not my mynd
Nor to refuse suche as I fynd,
But as a lambe of humble kynd,
Or byrd in cage, to be assynd
Evyn as ye lyst.

When all the flokk ys com and gone
Myn eye and hart agreythe in one,
Hathe chosyn you only alone
To be my Joy, or elles my mone
Evyn as ye lyst.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

Joy yf pytty apere in place
Mone, if dysdayn do shew hys face
Yet crave I not as in thys case
But as ye lede, to follow the trace
Evyn as ye lyst.

Sum in wordes muche love can fayn
And sum for wordes gyve wordes agayn
Thus wordes for wordes in wordes remain
And yet at last wordes do optayn
Evyn as ye lyst.

To crave in wordes I wyll eschew,
And love in dede I wyll ensew ;
Yt ys my mynd bothe hole and trew,
And for my trewthe I pray yow rew
Evyn as ye lyst.

Dere hart, I bydd your hart farewell
With better hart than tong can tell ;
Yet take thys tale as trew as gospell,
Ye may my lyff save or expell
Evyn as ye lyst

15

✓

(1)

Sumtyme I syght, sumtyme I syng,
Sumtyme I lawghe, sumtyme mornyng,
As one in dowte, thys ys my ssaying :
Have I dysplesyd yow in any thyng ?

(2)

Alake what aylythe you to be grevyd?
 Ryght sory am I that ye be mevyd,
 I am your owne yf trewthe be prevyd
 And by your dyspleasure as one myschevyd.

(3)

When ye be mery then am I glad,
 When ye be sory then am I sad,
 Such grace or fortune I wold I had
 Yow for to plese however I were bestad.

(4)

When ye be mery why shuld I care,
 Ye are my Joye and my wellfare,
 I wyll you love, I wyll not spare
 Into yowre presens as farr as I dare.

(5)

All my poore hart and my love trew
 Whyle lyff dothe last I gyve yt yow;
 And yow to serve with servys dew,
 And never to change yow for no new.

16

✓

(1)

Pacyence of all my smart
 Ffor fortune is tornyd awry;
 Pacyence must ese my hart
 That mornes continually;
 Pacyence to suffer wrong
 Ys a pacyence to long.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIA'T

(2)

Pacyence to have a nay
Of that I most desyre,
Pacyence to have allway
And ever burne like fyre;
Pacyence withowt desart
Is grownder of my smart.

(3)

Who can with mery hart
Set faithe sum plesant song,
That always felys but smart
And never hathe but wrong;
Yet pacyence evermore
Must hele the wound and sore.

(4)

Pacyence to be content
With froward fortunés trayne,
Pacyence to the intent
Sumwhat to slake my payne;
I se no remedy
But suffer pacyently.

(5)

To playn wher ys none ere
My chance is chawnsyd so,
Ffor it dothe well apere
My frend ys tornyd my foo;
But syns there ys no defence
I must take pacyence.

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

(6)

Who wold have ever thought
A hart that was so sett,
To have suche wrong me wrowght,
Or to be cownterfett;
But who that trustythe most
Ys lyke to pay the cost.

(7)

I must of force, God wott
Thys paynfull lyff susteyne,
And yet I know nott
The chefe cawse of my payn;
Thys ys a strange dysse, —
To serve and never plese.

(8)

I must of force endure
Thys drawght drawyn awry,
Ffor I am fast and sure
To have the mate therby;
But note I wyll thys texte
To draw better the nexte.

17

(1)

In faythe methynkes yt ys no ryght
To hate me thus for lovyng ye,
So fayre a face, so full of spyght,

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

Who wold have thought suche crueltye;
But syns ther is no remedye,
That by no meanes ye can me love,
I shall you leve and other prove.

(2)

Ffor yff I have for my good wyll
No reward eles but cruelltye,
In faythe thereof I can no skyll
Sythe that I lovyd ye honestlye;
But take hede I wyll tyll I dye
Or that I love so well agayn,
Syns women use so mucche to fayn.

18

✓

(1)

The knot which fyrst my hert did strayn,
When that your servant I becam,
Doth bynd me still for to remain
Allwayes your owne, as now I am;
And if you fynd that I do fayne,
With just jugement my selfe I dam
To have dysdain.

(2)

If other thought in me do groo
But styl to love you stedfastlye,
If that the proff do not well shoo
That I am yours asurydly,
Let every wellth turne me to woo,
And you to be continually
My chefest foo.

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POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

(3)

If other love or new Request
Doo ese my hart, but only this,
Or if within my weryd brest
Be hyd on thought that mene amys,
I do desyer that myn unrest
May styll increse, and I to mys
What I love best.

(4)

If in my love ther be oon spott
Of false desaytt or dobylnes,
Or if I mynd to slyp thys knot
By want of faithe or stedfastnes,
Let all my sarvyes be for nott
And when I wold have chef redres
Estem me nott.

(5)

But if that I consume in paine
Of burning syghes, and fervent love,
And daly seke no nother gayne
But with my ded these wordes to prove,
Methink of ryght I shuld obtayn
That ye wold mynd for to remove
Your gret disdayn.

(6)

And for the end of this my song
Unto your handes I do submit
My dedly greffe, and payns so strong,

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

Whych in my hert be fermly shytt ;
And when ye lyst, redres me wrong,
Sens well ye know this paynfull ffytt
Hath last tto long.

19 ✓

(1)

It was my choise it was no chance
That browght my hart in others holde
Wherby ytt hath had sufferaunce
Lenger perde then Reason wold
Syns I ytt bownd where ytt was free
Me thinkes ywys of ryght yt shald
Acceptyd be.

(2)

Accepted be withowte refuse,
Unles that fortune have the power,
All ryght of love for to abuse ;
For, as they say : one happy howre
May more prevayle than Ryght or Myght.
Yf fortune then list for to lowre
What vaylyth Ryght !

(3)

What vaylyth Ryght yff this be true ?
Then trust to chaunce and go by gesse
Then who so lovyth may well go sew
Uncerten Hope for hys redresse.
Yett some wold say, assuredly :
Thou mayest appele for thy relese
To Fantasy.

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

(4)

To Fantasy pertaynys to chose :
All thys I knowe, for fantasy
Ffurst unto love dyd me induse ;
But yet I knowe as stedefastly
That yff love have no faster knott,
So nyce a choyse slippes sodenly,
Yt lastyth not.

(5)

Ytt lastyth not that stondes by change :
Fansy doth change : fortune ys frayle :
Both thes to plesse the way ys strange ;
Therefore me thynkes best to prevayle,
There ys no way that ys so just,
As trowgh to lede, tho tother fayle,
And therto trust.

20 ✓

(1)

So unwarely was never no man cawght
With stedefast loke upon a goodly face
As I of late ; for sodenly, me thought,
My hart was torne owte of hys place.

(2)

Thorow myn Iye the strock frome hers did slyde
Dyrectly downe unto my hert it ranne ;
In helpe wherof the blood therto did glyde,
And left my face boeth pale and wann.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(3)

Then was I like a man for woo amasyd,
Or like the byrde that flyeth into the fyer;
For whyll that I on her beaulte gasyd,
The more I burnt in my desyre.

(4)

Anon the blowd stert in my face agayn,
Enflamed with hete that yt had att my hert,
And browght therwith therowt in every vayne
A quakynd hete with plesaunt smert.

(5)

Then was I like the strawe, when that the flame
Ys drevyn therin by force and rage of wynd;
I can nott tell alas what I shall blame,
Nor what to seke nor what to fynd.

(6)

But well I wote the greffe holdes me so sore
In hete and cold betwyxt hope and drede,
That but her helpe to helth doeth me restore
Thys restles lyff I may nott lede.

21

✓

How shuld I
Be so plesaunt
In my semblaunt
As my fellowes be.

190

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

(1)

Not long agoo
It chanced soo
As I ded walk alone,
I herd a man
That now and than
Himself did thus bemone :

(2)

“ Alas,” he saide
“ I am betrayde
“ And utterly undone,
“ Whom I did trust
“ And think so just
“ Another man hath wone.

(3)

“ My servise due
“ And hert so true
“ On her I did bestow,
“ I never ment
“ Ffor to repente
“ In welth nor yet in woo.”

(4)

Eche westerne winde
Hath torned his minde
And blowen it clene away,
Therby my welth
My mirth and helth
Are dryven to grete deokay.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(5)

Fortune did smyle
A right shorte while
And never saide me naye;
With pleasaunt plaes
And joyfull dayes
My tyme to passe awaye.

(6)

Alas, ah las
The tyme so was
So never shall it be,
Sins she is gone
And I alone
Armeles as ye may see.

(7)

Where is the oth
Where is the troth
That she to me did gyve?
Such fayned wordes
With selie boordes
Let no wise man beleve.

(8)

For even as I
Thus wofully
Unto myself complaine,
If ye then truste
Nedes lerne ye muste
To sing my song in vayne

How shuld I
 Be so pleasaunt
 In my semblaunt
 As my fellowes be.

22 ✓

(1)

Full well yt maye be sene
 To suche as understand,
 How some there be that wene
 They have theyre welth at hand,
 Thoruhe loves abusyd band;
 But lytell do they see
 Th'abuse wherin they bee.

(2)

Of love there ys a kynd
 Which kyndlythe by abuse,
 As in a feble mynd,
 Whome fansy may enduce
 By loves dysceatefull use,
 To folowe the fond lust,
 And prove of a vayn trust.

(3)

As I myself may saye
 By tryall of the same,
 No wyght can well bewray
 The falsyed love can frame;
 I saye, twyxt grefe and game,
 Ther is no lyvyng man
 That knows the crafte love can

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

(4)

Ffor love so well can fayn
To favour for the whyle,
That suche as sekes the gayn
Ar servyd with the gyle;
And some can thys concyle,
To gyve the symple leave
Them selves for to dysceave

(5)

What thing may more declare
Of love the craftye kynd,
Than see the wyse, so ware,
In love to be so blynd.
If so yt be assynd,
Let them enjoye the gayn,
That thyntes yt worth the payne.

23

(1)

Syns love ys suche, that as ye wott,
Cannot always be wysely usyd
I say therfore then blame me nott,
Tho I therin have ben abusyd;
Ffor as with cause I ame accusyd,
Gyllty I graunt, suche was my lott
And tho yt cannot be excusyd
Yet let suche folye be forgott

(2)

Ffor in my yeres of rekles youthe
 Me thought the power of love so gret
 That to her lawes I bound my trouthe
 And to my wyll there was no lett.
 Me lyst no more so far to fett
 Suche frute lo as of love ensewthe
 The gayn was small that was to gett
 And of the losse the lesse the reuthe

(3)

And few there ys but fyrst or last
 A tyme in love ones shall they have;
 And glad I am my tyme ys past
 Henceforthe my fredome to withsave.
 Now in my hart there shall I grave
 The groundyd grace that now I tast;
 Thankyd be fortune that me gave
 So fayre a gyfft, so sure and fast.

(4)

Now suche as have me sene ere thys
 When youthe in me sett forthe hys kynd,
 And foly framd my thought amys,
 The fawte wherof now well I ffynde,
 Loo, syns that so yt ys assynd
 That unto eche a tyme there ys,
 Then blame the lott that led my mynd
 Sometyme to lyve in loves blys.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(5)

But frome henceforthe I do protest,
By presse of that that I have past,
Shall never ceace within my brest
The power of love so late owtcast.
The knott thereof ys knytt ffull fast,
And I therto so sure proffest,
Ffor evermore with me to last
The power wherin I am possest.

24

✓

(1)

Lo how I seke and sew to have
That no man hathe, and may be had!
There ys more but synk or save
And bring thys doute to good or bad.
To lyve in sorrows, allways sad,
I lyke not so to linger fforthe,
Hap evyll or good I shallbe glad
To take that comes as well in worthe.

(2)

Shold I sustayn this great dystres,
Styll wandryng forthe thus to and froo
In dredfull hope to hold my pese,
And fede my selff with secret woo?
Nay, nay, certayne I wyll not soo
But sure I shall my selfe aply
To put in profe this doute to knoo
And rydd thys daunger redely.

(3)

I shall assay by secret sute
 To show the mynd of myn entent,
 And my desertes shall gyve suche frute
 As with my hart my wordes be ment.
 So by the profe of thys consent
 Sone, out of doute, I shall be sure,
 For to rejoyce or to repent
 In joye or payn for to endure.

25

Syns so ye please to here me playn,
 And that ye do rejoyce my smart,
 Me lyst no lenger to remayn
 To suche as be so overthwart.

But cursyd be that cruell hart
 Whyche hathe procuryd a careles mynd
 For me, and myn unfaynyd smart,
 And forcythe me suche fautes to fynd.

More than to mucche I am assuryd
 Of thyn entent, wherto to trust;
 A spedles proffe I have enduryd,
 And now I leve yt to them that lust.

26

(1)

Now must I lerne to lyve at rest
 And weyne me of my wyll,
 For I repent where I was prest
 My fansy to fullfyll.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(2)

I may no lenger more endure
My wonted lyf to lede,
But I must lerne to put in ure
The change of Womanhede.

(3)

I may not see my servys long
Rewardyd in suche wyse,
Nor I may not sustayn suche wrong
That ye my love dyspyse

(4)

I may not sighe in sorows depe
Nor wayle the want of love,
Nor I may nother cruche nor crepe
Wher hyt dothe not behove.

(5)

But I of force must nedes forsake
My faythe so fondly sett,
And frome henceforthe must undertake
Suche foly to fforgett

(6)

Now must I seke som other ways
My self for to withsave,
And as I trust by myn assays
Som remedy to have.

(7)

I aske none other remedy
 To recompense my wronge
 But ons to have the lyberty
 That I have lakt so long.

27 ✓

(1)

Forget not yet the tryde entent,
 Of suche a truthe as I have ment,
 My great travayle so gladly spent,
 Fforget not yet.

(2)

Fforget not yet when fyrst began,
 The wery lyffe ye know syns when,
 The sute, the servys, none tell can,
 Fforget not yet.

(3)

Fforget not yet the gret assays,
 The cruell wrong, the skornfull ways,
 The paynfull pacyence in denays,
 Fforget not yet.

(4)

Fforget not yet, forget not thys,
 How long ago hathe ben, and ys
 The mynd, that never ment amys,
 Fforget not yet.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(5)

Fforget not then thyn owne aprovyd,
The whyche so long hathe thee so lovyd,
Whose stedfast faythe yet never movyd,
Fforget not thys.

28

✓
O myserable sorow withowten cure
Yf it plesse the lo to have me thus suffir,
At lest yet let her know what I endure,
And this my last voyse cary thow thether
Wher lyved my hope now ded for ever;
For as ill grevus is my banyshement
As was my plesure whan she was present

29

(1)

✓
Blame not my lute for he must sound,
Of thes and that as lyketh me,
For lake of wit the lute is bownd
To geve suche tunes as plesithe me;
Tho my songes be sumwhat strange,
And spekes suche wordes as toche thy change
Blame not my lute.

(2)

My lute alas doeth not ofend,
Tho that perforce he must agre
To sownd suche tunes as I entend,

200

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

To sing to them that hereth me ;
Then tho my songes be somewhat plain,
And togethe some that use to fain,
Blame not my lute.

(3)

My lute and stringes may not deny
But as I strike they must obey
Brake not them then so wrongfully
But wreke thyself som wyser way
And tho the songes whiche I endight
To qwytt thy change with rightfull spight
Blame not my lute.

(4)

Spyght askyth spyght and changing change,
And falsyd faith must nedes be knowne,
The faute so grett, the case so strange
Of ryght it must abrode be blown ;
Then sins that by thyn own desartt
My songes do tell how trew thou artt
Blame not my lute.

(5)

Blame but the selffe that hast mysdone,
And well desarvid to have blame ;
Change thou thy way so evyll begone
And then my lute shall sownd that same ;
But if tyll then my fyngeres play
By thy desartt, ther wontyd way
Blame not my lute.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(6)

Farewell, unknown, for tho thou brake
My strynges in spight, with grett desdayn,
Yet have I fownd owtt for thy sake
Stringes for to stringe my lute agayne.
And if perchance this sely rhyme
Do make thee blushe at any tyme,
Blame not my lute.

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

PART II ✓

1

If with complaint the paine myght be exprest,
That inwardelye dothe cause me sygh and grone,
Your harde herte and your cruell brest
Shulde sygh and playne for my unreste ;
And tho it ware of stone,
Yet shulde remorse cause it relent and mone.

But sins yt ys so farre out of mesure
That with my wordes I can yt not contayne ;
My onlye truste, my hertes tresure !
Alas whye doo I still indure
This resteles smerte and payne,
Sins yf ye list ye maye my woo restraine.

2 ✓

(1)

Sins you will nedes that I shall sing,
Take yt in worth such as I have ;
Plentye of plaint, mone and morning
Yn depe dispaire, and dedlye payne,
Boteles for boote, crying to crave
To crave yn vayne.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(2)

Suche hammers worke within my hed
That sounde nought els into my eris,
But faste at borde, and wake abed;
Suche tune the temper to my song
To waile my wrong, that I wante teris
To waile my wrong.

(3)

Deth and dispaire afore my face
My dayes dekaes, my grefe doeth gro;
The cause therof is in this place
Whom crueltye dothe still restraine
For to rejoyse, tho yt be wo
To here me plaine.

(4)

A brokin lute, untunid stringes
With such a song maye well bere parte,
That nother pleasith him that singes,
Nor them that here, but her alone,
That with her herte wold straine my herte
To here it gone.

(5)

Yf it greve you to here this same,
That you do fele but in my voyse,
Considre then what plesaunt game
I do sustayne in everye parte,
To cause me sing or to rejoyse
Within my herte.

3 ✓

(1)

What shulde I saye,
 Sins faithe is ded,
 And truth awaye,
 From you ys fled,
 Shulde I be led,
 With doblenesse?
 Naye, naye, mistresse!

(2)

I promiside you,
 And you promisid me,
 To be as true,
 As I wolde be.
 But sins I se
 Your doble herte,
 Farewell my parte!

(3)

Though for to take
 Yt ys not my minde
 But to forsake,
 * * * *
 And as I finde
 So will I truste
 Farewell, uniuste!

(4)

Can ye saye naye?
 But you saide
 That I all waye

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

Shulde be obeide,
And thus betraide
Or that I wiste
Farewell, unkiste.

4 ✓

(1)

Gyve place all ye that doth rejoyse
And loves panges hath clene forgot,
Let them drawe nere and here my voyse
Whom love doth force in paynes to ffett;
For all of playnte my song is sett,
Wich long hath served and nought can gett.

(2)

A faithefull herte so trulye mente
Rewardid is full slenderelye,
A stedfaste faithe with good entente
Ys recompensid craftelye;
Such hap doeth hap unhappelye,
To them that mene but honestelye.

(3)

With humble sute I have assayde
To torn her cruell hertid minde,
But for rewarde I am delaide
And to mye welthe her eris are blynde;
Lo thus bye chaunse I ame assignid
With stedfast love to serve the unkinde.

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

(4)

What vaylith troth or stedfastnesse
Or still to serve without repreffe?
What vayleth faith or gentilnesse
Where crueltie doeth rayne as cheife?
Alas ther is no greter greeff,
Than for to love and lake releffe.

(5)

Care doth constraine me to complaine
Of love and her uncertaintye,
Wich grauntith nought but gret disdayne,
For losse of all my libretye.
Alas this is extremytye
For love to finde suche crueltye!

(6)

For hertye love to finde such crueltie
Alas it is a carefull lott;
And for to voide so fowle a mok
Ther is no way but slip the knott.
The gayne so cold, the payne so hott,
Prayse yt who list, I like yt not.

5 ✓

(1)

Me list no more to sing
Of love nor of suche thing
Howe sore that yt me wring;
For what I song or spake
Men dede my songis mystake.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIA T

(2)

My songes ware to defuse,
Theye made folke to muse;
Therefor, me to excuse,
Theye shall be song more plaine,
Nothr of joye nor payne,

(3)

What vailith then to skipp
At fructe over the lipp,
For frute withouten tast
Dothe noght but rott and waste.

(4)

What vaylith under kaye
To kepe treasure alwaye
That never shall se daye?
Yf yt be not usid,
Yt ys but abusid.

(5)

What vayleth the flower,
To stond still and whithr;
Yf no man yt savour,
It servis onlye for sight
And fadith towardes night.

(6)

Therefore fere not tassaye
To gadre ye that maye,
The flower that this daye
Is fresher than the next;
Mark well I saye, this text.

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

(7)

Let not the frute be lost
That is desirid moste,
Delight shall quite the coste;
Yf hit be tane in tyme
Small labour is to clyme.

(8)

And as for such tresure,
That makith thee the richer,
And no dele the porer,
When it is geven or lente
Methinkes yt ware well spent.

(9)

If this be undre miste,
And not well playnlye wyste,
Undrestonde me who lyste;
For I seke not a bene,
I wott what I doo meane.

6 ✓

(1)

The Joye so short alas, the paine so nere,
The waye so long, the departure so smart,
The furst sight alas I bought to dere,
That so sodainelye now from hens must parte.
The bodye gone, yet remaine shall the hert
With her, that which for me salte teris ded raine,
And shall not change till that we mete againe.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

(2)

The tyme doeth passe, yet shall not my love ;
Tho I be farre, alwayis my hert is nere ;
Tho other chaunge, yet will I not remove ;
Tho other care not, yet love I will and fere ;
Tho other hate, yet will I love my dere ;
Tho other woll of lightnes saye adewe
Yet woll I be founde stedefast and trewe.

(3)

When other laugh, alas then do I wepe,
When other sing, then do I waile and crye ;
When other runne, perforcyd I am to crepe ;
When other daunce, in sorro I do lye ;
When other joye, for paine welnere I dye ;
Thus brought from welth alas to endles paine,
That undeservid, causeles to remayne.

7

Payne of all payne the most grevous paine
Ys to love hartelye and cannot be loved againe.

(1)

Love with unkindenesse is cause of hevenis
Of inwarde sorro and sighis painefull.
Whereas I love is no redresse
To no maner of pastime, the sprites so dull
With privy morninges, and lokes ruffull ;
The boddye all wrislye the color pale and wan,
More like a gost than like a lyving man

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

(2)

When Cupido hath enflamed the hertes desyres
To love there as ys disdayne,
Of guerdon ill, the mynde obliuyous,
Nothing regarding but love tattayne,
Alwais imagining by what meane or traine
Yt may be at rest, thus in a momente
Now here, now there, being never contente.

(3)

Tossing and torning, when the bodye wold rest,
With dreamis opprest and visions fantastickall,
Sleping or waking, love is ever preste,
Some tyme to wepe, some tyme to crye and call,
Bewayling his fortune and lif bestiall;
Now in hope of recure, and now in despaire,
This ys a sorye lyf to lyve alwaye in care.

(4)

Recorde of Terence in his remedis poetickall :
Yn love ys Jelosy, and inimis mannye on,
Angre, and debate, with mynde sensuall,
Nowe warre now peace, musing all alone ;
Some tyme all morte and colde as anye stone.
This causith unkyndenesse of suche as cannot skill
Of trewe love assurde with herte and good will.

(5)

Lucrece the Romaine for love of her lorde
And byecause perforce she had commit advowtrye
With Tarquinus, as the storye doth recorde,

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

Herself did slee with a knif most pituoslye
Among her nigh frendes; bye cause that she
So falslye was betrayd, lo this was the guerdon,
Wheras true love hath no domynyon

(6)

To make so ferefull of olde antiquitye
What nedeth it? We see by experience.
Among lovers it chaunceth daylye
Displeasor and variance for none offens :
But if true love myght gyve sentens,
That unkyndenes and disdayne shuld have no place
But true harte, for true love, yt ware a gret grace !

(7)

O Venus, Ladye, of Love the goddesse
Help all true lovers to have love agayne
Bannishe from thye presens disdayne and unkyndenesse,
Kyndnesse and pytie to thy servise retayne
For true love, ons fixed in the cordiale vayne
Can never be revoulsid by no maner of arte
Unto the sowle from the boddye departe.

8

(1)

Lament my losse, my labor, and my payne,
All ye that here mye wofull playnte and crye;
If ever man myght ons your hert constrayne
To pytie wordes of right, yt shuld be I,

212

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

That sins the tyme that youthe in me ded rayne,
My pleasaunte yeres to bondage did aplye,
Wiche as yt was I purposed to declare
Wherebye my frendes hereafter maye be ware.

(2)

And if perchance some reders list to muse,—
What menith me so playnlye for to wright,
My good entente the fawte of that shall skuse,
Wiche meane nothing, but trulye to endyght
The crafte and care, the greef and long abuse
Of lovers lawe, and eke for punisshmente mighte,
Wiche though that man oft tymesbye paynis doth kno,
Lyttle theye wot wiche wayes the gylis doth grow !

(3)

Yet well ye kno, that will renne my smart
Thus to rehearse the paynes that I have past,
My hand doth shake, my pen skant doth his parte,
My boddye quakes, my wyttis begynne to waste.
Twixt heate and colde, in fere I fele my herte
Panting for payne, and this, as all agaste
I do remayne, skant wotting what I wryght
Perdon me then, kyndelye, tho I endite.

(4)

And patientely, O reader, I the praye
Take in good parte this worke as yt ys mente,
And greve thee not with ought that I shall saye,
Sins with good will this boke abroad ys sente.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

To tell men howe in youthe I ded assaye
What love ded mene, and nowe I yt repente,
Yet moving me my frendes might well be ware,
And kepe them free from all such payne and care.

9 ✓

(1)

Spight hath no power to make me sadde,
Nor scornefulnesse to make me playne,
Yt doth suffise that ons I had,
And so to leve yt is no payne.

(2)

Let them frowne on that leste dothe gaine,
Who ded rejoyse must nedes be glad,
And tho with wordis thou wenist to rayne
Yt doth suffise that ons I had.

(3)

Sins that in chekes thus overthwarte
And coylye lookis thou doste delight,
Yt doth suffise that myne thou warte,
Tho change hath put thye faith to flight.

(4)

Alas, it is a pevishe spight
To yelde thiself and then to parte,
But sins thou seiste thie faith so light
Yt doeth suffise that myne thou warte.

(5)

And sins thye love doth thus declyne,
 And in thye herte suche hate doeth grow,
 Yt doeth suffise that thou warte myne,
 And with good will I quite yt so.

(6)

Some tyme my frend, farewell my foo,
 Sins thou change I am not thyne,
 But for relef of all my woo
 It doeth suffise that thou warte myne.

(7)

Prayeng you all that heris this song
 To judge no wight, nor none to blame;
 Yt dothe suffise she dothe me wrong
 And that herself doth kno the same

(8)

And tho' she chaunge it is no shame
 Theire kinde it is and hathe bene long;
 Yet I proteste she hath no name,
 Yt dothe suffise she doth me wrong.

10

A! my herte, a! what aileth the
 To sett so light my libertye,
 Making me bonde when I was fre.
 A my herte a! what aileth thee.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

When thou ware rid from all distresse,
Voyde of all paine and pensifnesse,
To chose againe a new mistresse.
A my herte a ! what aileth thee.

When thou ware well, thou could not hold
To torne agayne that ware too bolde,
Thus to renue my sorowes olde.
A my herte a ! what aileth thee.

Thou knoist full well that but of late
I was tornid out of loves gate,
And now to guide me to this mate !
A my herte a ! what aileth thee.

I hopte full well all had ben done,
But now my hope is tane and won,
To my torment to yelde so sone.
A my herte a ! what aileth thee.

11 ✓

Hate whom ye list for I kare not :
Love whom ye list and spare not :
Do what ye list and drede not :
Think what ye liste I fere not :
For as for me I am not,
But even as one that reckes not,
Whyther ye hate or hate not ;
For in your love I dote not,
Wherefore I pray you forget not,
But love whom ye liste, for I care not.

12

Grudge on who liste, this ys my lott
 No thing to want if it ware not

(1)

My yeris be yong even as ye see,
 All thinges therto doeth well agre,
 Yn faithe, in face, in eche degre
 Nothing doth want as semith me,
If yt ware not.

(2)

Som men dothe say that frendes be skarce,
 But I have founde as in this cace
 A frend wiche gyveth to no man place,
 But makis me happiest that ever was,
If it ware not.

Refrain. Grudge on who list this is my lot
 No thing to want if yt ware not.

(3)

A hart I have besidis all this,
 That hath my herte and I have his
 If he doeth well yt is my blis,
 And when we mete no lak ther is
If it want not.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(4)

If he can finde that can me please,
A thinckes he dois his owne hertes ease ;
And likewise I could well apease
The chefest cause of his misease,
If it ware not.

Refrain. Grudge on who list this is my lot
No thing to want if it ware not.

(5)

A master oke God hath me sente
To have my will, is hollye lente
To serve and love, for the entente
That bothe, we myght be well contente,
If it ware not.

(6)

And here an end, it doeth suffice
To speke fewe wordes among the wise ;
Yet take this note before your eyes :
My mirth shulde double ons or twice
If it ware not.

Refrain. Grudge on who list, this is my lot
No thing to want if it ware not.

13

(1)

Greting to you both yn hertye wyse
As unknowen I sende, and this mye entente
As I do here, you to advertyse,

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

Lest that perchaunce your deades you do repente.
The unknowen man dredes not to be shente
But sayes as he thinks : so fares it bye me,
That nother ffere nor hope in no degre.

(2)

The bodye and the sowle is helde togidder,
Yt is but right, and reason woll the same,
And fryndelie the oon to love the other,
Yt encresith your beautye and also your fame ;
But marke well my wordes, for I fere no blame,
Truste well yourselves, but ware ye trust no mo
For suche as ye think your frende, may fortune be
your ffloo.

(3)

Beware frendelye ere ye have enye nede,
And to frendes reconsilide trust not greatelye ;
For they that ons with hastie spede
Exiled themselves oute of your companye,
Tho theye torne againe and speke farelye,
Fayning themselves to be your frendes faste,
Beware of them for thye will disseyve you at laste.

(4)

Fayre wordes makis foolys fayne,
And bering in hande causith moche woo ;
For tyme tryeth trothe, therefore refrayne :
And from suche as be redye to doo :—
None doo I name but this I kno,
That bye this faute cause causith moche,
Therefore beware if yo do know anye suche.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(5)

“ To wise folkes few wordes ” is an old sayeng,
Therefore at this tyme I will write nomore,
But this short lesson take for a warning,
By soche light frendes set littill store ;
If ye do otherwise ye will repent it sore ;
And thus of this lettre making an ende,
To the boddye and the sowle I me commend.

(6)

Wryting lyfles at the manner place
Of him that hath no chawe nor nowere dothe dwell ;
But wandering in the wilde worlde wanting that he hase,
And nothr hopis nor ffearis heven nor hell ;
But lyveth at adventure ye kno him full well.
The twentie daye of marche he wrote yt yn his house.
And hathe him recommendyd to the kat and the
mowse.

14 ✓

(1)

Tanglid I was in loves snare,
Oprest with payne, torment with care ;
Of grefe right sure, of joye full bare,
Clene in dispaire bye crueltye ;
But ha ! ha ! ha ! full well is me,
For I am now at libertye.

(2)

The wofull daye so full of paine,
The werye nyght all spent in vayne,
The labor lost for so small gayne ;

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

To wryte them all yt wyll not be,
But ha ! ha ! ha ! full well is me,
For I am now at libertye.

(3)

Everything that faire doeth sho,
When prof is made it proveth not soo,
But torneth mirthe to bittre woo,
Wich in this case full well I see ;
But ha ! ha ! ha ! full well is me
For I am now at libertye.

(4)

To grete desire was my guide,
And wanton wyll went bye my syde ;
Hope rulid still, and made me byde
Of loves craft thextremitye.
But ha ! ha ! ha ! full well is me
For I am now at libertye.

(5)

With faynid wordes that ware but winde,
To long delayes I was assind :
Her wylve lokes my wyttes ded blinde :
Thus as she wolde I ded agree.
But ha ! ha ! ha ! full well is me
For I am now at libertye

(6)

Was never birde tanglid in lyme,
That brake awaye yn better tyme,
Then I that rotten bowes ded clyme,

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

And had no hurte but scaped fre.
Now ha ! ha ! ha ! full well is me
For I am nowe at libertye.

15

(1)

Longer to muse
On this refuse
I will not use,
But studye to forget ;
Lett my all goo,
Sins well I kno,
To be my foo
Her herte is fermely sett.

(2)

Sins my entente,
So trulye mente,
Cannot contente
Her minde as I do see ;
To tell you playne,
Yt ware in vayne,
For so small gaine
To lose my libertie,

(3)

For if he thryve
That will goo stryve
A shipp to dryve
Againste the streme and winde,

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

Undoutedlye
Then thryve shulde I
To love trulye
A cruel hertid mynde.

(4)

But sith that so
The worlde doeth goo
That everye woo
Bye yelding doth incesse,
As I have tolde
I wilbe bolde
Therbye my paynis to cese.

(5)

Praying you all
That after shall
Bye fortune fall
Ynto this folishe trade,
Have yn your minde
As I do finde,
That oft be kinde
All womens love do fade.

(6)

Wherefore a pace
Come, take my place,
Some man that hase
A lust to berne the fete;
For sins that she
Refusith me,
I must agre
And perdye to forgett.

16 ✓

(1)

Love doth againe
 Put me to payne
 And yet all is but lost,
 I serve yn vayne
 And am certayne
 Of all, mislikid most.

(2)

Both heate and colde
 Doth so me holde
 And combred so my minde,
 That when I shulde
 Speke and beholde
 It dryveth me still behinde.

(3)

My wittis be paste,
 My lif doeth waste,
 My comforte is exild,
 And I in haste
 Am lyke to taste
 How love hathe me begilde.

(4)

Onles that right
 Maye yn her sight
 Obtaine pitye and grace,
 Whye shulde a wight
 Have bewtye bright
 Yf mercye have no place?

POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

(5)

Yett I alas
Am in soche cace
That bak I cannot goo,
But still forth trace
A patiente pace
And suffre secret woo,

(6)

Ffor with the winde
My fyred mynde
Doth still inflame,
And she unkinde
That ded me binde
Doth torne yt all to game.

(7)

Yet may no payne
Make me refraine
Nor here and there to range,
I shall retaine
Hope to obtayne
Her hert that is so straunge.

(8)

But I require
The paynefull fire
That oft doth make me swete,
For all my yre,
Withe lyke desire
To gyve her herte a hete

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(9)

Then shall she prove
Howe I her love,
And what I have offerde,
Wiche shulde her move
For to remove
The paynes I have suffrd.

(10)

And better ffe
Than she gave me
She shall of me attayne,
For whereas she
Showde crueltye,
She shall my hert obtayne.

17

(1)

With serving still
This have I wone,
For my goodwyll
To be undon.

(2)

And for redresse
Of all my payne,
Disdaynefulnes
I have againe.

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(3)

And for reward
Of all my smarte,
Lo, thus unharde
I must departe !

(4)

Wherefore all ye
That after shall
Bye ffortune be
As I am, thrall,

(5)

Example take,
What I have won
Thus for her sake
To be undone !

18 ✓

(1)

Now all of change
Must be my songe,
And from mye bonde nowe must I breke,
Sins she so strange
Unto my wrong
Doth stop her eris to here me speke.

(2)

Yet none doth kno
So well as she
My greffe wiche can have no restrainte ;

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

That faine wolde follo
Nowe nedes must fle,
For faute of ere unto my playnte.

(3)

I am not he
By fals assayes
Nor faynid faith can bere in hande,
Tho most I see
That such alwaies
Are best for to be understonde.

(4)

But I that truth
Hath alwaies mente,
Doeth still procede to serve in vayne,
Desire pursuith
My tyme mispent,
And doeth not passe upon my payne.

(5)

O fortunes might
That eche compellis,
And me the most yt doeth suffice
Now for my ryght
To aske nought ells,
But to withdraw this enterprise :

(6)

And for the gaine
Of that good howre,
Wiche of my woo shall be relefe,
I shall refrayne
Bye paynefull powre,
The thing that must have bene my grefe.

(7)

I shall not miss
 To exersyse
 The helpe therof that doth me teche,
 That after this
 In any wise
 To kepe ryght within my reche.

(8)

And she injuste,
 Which ferith not,
 Yn this her fame to be defilyd,
 Yett ons I trust
 Shalbe my lott,
 To quite the craft that me begilid.

19 ✓

Dryven bye desire I dede this dede,
 To daunger myself without cause whye,
 To trust the untrue not lyke to spede,
 To speke and promise faithfullie.
 But now the proof dothe verifie,
 That who so trustithe ere he kno,
 Dothe hurte himself and please his ffoo.

20 ✓

(1)

Perdye I saide it not
 Nor never thought to do,
 As well as I ye wott,
 I have no powre therto :

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

And if I ded, the lott
That first ded me enchain
Do never slake the knott,
But strayte it to my payne.

(2)

And if I ded, eche thing
That maye do harme or woo,
Contynuallye maye wring
My herte wherso I goo;
Reporte may alwayes ring
Of shame of me for aye,
Yf yn my herte ded spring
The worde that ye doo saye.

(3)

If I saide so, ech sterre
That is in heven above,
Maye frowne on me to marre
The hope I have yn love;
And if I ded, such warre
As they brought out of Troye,
Bring all my lyff afarre
From all this lust and joye.

(4)

And if I ded so say,
The bewtye that me bound
Encresst from daye to daye
More cruell to my wounde;

With all the mone that may,
 To playnte may torn my song;
 My lif may sone deokay,
 Without redresse bye wrong.

(5)

Yf I be clere fro thought
 Whye do ye then complaine?
 Then ys this thing but sought
 To torne me to more payne.
 Then that that ye have wrought,
 Ye must it now redresse,
 Of right therefore ye ought,
 Such rigor to repress.

(6)

And as I have deservid,
 So graunte me nowe my hire;
 Ye kno I never swervid,
 Ye never fownd me lyre.
 For Rachell have I servid,
 (For Lya carid I never)
 And her I have reservid
 Within my herte for ever.

21

✓

(1)

Absens absenting causithe me to complaine
 My sorofull complayntes abiding in distresse,
 And departing most pryvie encreasithe my paine;
 Thus lyve I uncomfortid, wrappid all in hevenes.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(2)

In hevenes I am wrappid, devoyde of all solace.
Nothr pastyme nor pleasure can revyve my dull wytt.
My sprites be all taken, and dethe doeth me menace,
With his fatall knif the thrid for to kitt.

(3)

For to kitt the thrid of this wretchid liff
And shortelye bring me owt of this cace,
I se yt avaylith not, yet must I be pensif,
Sins fortune from me hathe turnid her face.

(4)

Her face she hathe turnid with cowntenance contrarious,
And clene from her presens she hath exiled me,
Yn sorowe remayning, as a man most dolorous,
Exempte from all pleasure and worldelye felicitie.

(5)

All worldelye felicitye now am I pryvate,
And left in deserte most solitarelye,
Wandring all about, as on withoute mate:
My deth aprochith, what remedye :

(6)

What remedye, alas, to rejoise my wofull herte,
With sighis suspiring most rufullie:
Nowe wellcome, I am redye to deperte,
Farewell all plesure welcome paine and smerte.

22

(1)

When that I call unto my mynde
 The tyme of hope that ons I hade,
 The great abuse that ded me blinde
 Dothe force me allwaies to be sad.
 Yet of my greef I fayne me glad;
 But on assured I was to bolde
 To trust to such a slipper holde.

(2)

I thought yt well that I had wrought,
 Willing forthwith so to ensue,
 But he that sekis as I have sought,
 Shall finde most trust oft tymes untrue,
 For lest I reckte what most I rue;
 Of that I thought my help most sure
 Ys nowe the wante of all my cure.

(3)

Amiddes my welthe I ded not reke,
 But sone alas ere that I wiste,
 The tyme was come that all to weake,
 I had no powre for to resiste;
 Nowe am I prof to them that liste
 To flee such woo, and wrongfull paine,
 As in my hert I do sustayne.

(4)

For faynid faithe is alwaies free,
 And dothe inclyne to be onjuste,
 That sure I thinck there can none bee

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

To moche assurid without mistruste ;
But hap what maye, to them that muste
Enflame suche cruell destenye
Wythe patiens for remedye.

(5)

As I am on, livith bye restraunte
Abides the tyme of my retorne,
Yn hope that fortune bye my playnte
Wyll slake the fire wherewith I bourne ;
Sins no waies eles maye serve my torne,
Yet for the dowl of this distresse,
I aske but ryght for my redresse.

23

(1)

To make an ende of all this strif
No longer tyme for to sustaine,
But now withe dethe to chaunge the lif
Of him that lyves alwaies in payne ;
Dispaire such powre hathe in his hande,
That helpeth most I kno certeyne
Maye not withstonde.

(2)

Maye not withstonde that is electe
Bye fortunis most extremyte,
But all in worthe to be excepte
Withouten lawe or libretye ;
What vaylithe then unto my thought ?
Yf right can have no remedie.
There vaylith nought.

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POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

(3)

There vayleth nought, but all in vaine,
The fawte thereof maye none amende
But onlie dethe, for to constraine
This spightfull hap to have an ende,—
So grete disdain dothe me provoke,
That drede of deth cannot deffende
This dedelye stroke.

(4)

This dedelye stroke, wherby shall seace
The harbord sighis within my herte,
And for the gifte of this relese
My hand in haste shall playe his parte,
To doo this cure againste his kinde,
For change of lif from long desert
To place assignid.

(5)

To place assignid for ever more,
Nowe bye constrainte I do agre
To loose the bonde of my restore,
Wherein is bounde my liberte;
Dethe and dispaire doeth undretake
From all mishap now hardilye
This ende to make.

24 ✓

(1)

Wyll ye se what wonderous love hathe wrought,
Then come and loke at me;
There nede no where els to be sought,
Yn me ye maye them see.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(2)

For unto that that men maye see
Most monstrous thing of kinde,
My self may best compared bee,
Love hath me so assignid.

(3)

There is a rok in the salte floode,
A rok of suche nature,
That drawithe the yron from the woode,
And levethe the ship unsure.

(4)

She is the rok, the ship ame I,
That rok my dedelie ffoo,
That draweth me there, where I muste die,
And robbith my harte me ffoo.

(5)

A birde there flieth and that but on,
Of her this thing ensueth,
That when her dayes be spent and gone,
With fyre she reneweth.

(6)

And I with fire may well compare
My love that is alone,
The flames whereof doth aye repara
My lif when yt is gone.

25 ✓

(1)

Deme as ye list upon goode cause
 I maye and think of this or that,
 But what or whye my self best knowes
 Wherebye I thinck and fere not;
 But thereunto I maye well think
 The doubtfull sentence of this clause,
 I wolde yt ware not as I think,
 I wolde I thought yt ware not.

(2)

For if I thought yt ware not soo,
 Though it ware so yt greved me not;
 Unto my thought yt ware as tho
 I harkened tho I here not.
 At that I see, I cannot wynk,
 Nor from mye thought so let it goo;
 I wolde it ware not as I think,
 I wolde I thought yt ware not.

(3)

Lo how my thought might make me free
 Of that perchaunce that nedeth nott,
 Perchaunce no doubt the drede I see
 I shrink at that I bere not;
 But in my harte this word shall sink:
 Unto the proffe maye better be,
 I wolde yt ware not and as I think,
 I wolde I thought yt ware not.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(4)

Yf yt be not, show no cause whye
I shoulde so think, then care I not;
For I shall so my self applie
To bee that I apere not;
That is as one that shall not shrink
To be your owne untill I dye;
And if yt be not as I think,
Lyke wyse to think yt is not.

26

(1)

I am as I am and so will I be,
But how that I am none knoith trulie,
Be yt evill be yt well, be I bonde be I fre,
I am as I am and so will I be.

(2)

I lede my lif indifferentelye,
I meane nothing but honestelie,
And though folkis judge full dyverslye,
I am as I am and so will I dye.

(3)

I do not rejoyse not yet complaine,
Bothe mirthe and sadnes I doo refraine,
And use the meane sins folkes will fayne,
Yet I am as I am be it plesure or payne.

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POEMS FROM THE DEVONSHIRE MS.

(4)

Dyvers do judge as they doo troo,
Some of pleasure and some of woo,
Yet for all that no thing they knoo,
But [I] am as I am where so ever I goo.

(5)

But sins judgers do thus dekiye,
Let everye man his judgement saye ;
I will yt take in spote and playe,
For I am as I am who so ever saye naye.

(6)

Who judgeth well, well God him sende ;
Who judgeth evill, God them amende ;
To judge the best therefore intende,
For I am as I am and so will I ende.

(7)

Yet some there be that take delight
To judge folkes thought for envye and spight,
But whyther they judge me wrong or right,
I am as I am and so do I wright.

(8)

Praying you all that this doo rede,
To truste yt as you doo your crede,
And not to think I change my wede,
For I am as I am howe ever I spede.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(9)

But how that is I leve to you ;
Judge as ye list false or true ;
Ye kno no more than afore ye knewe ;
Yet I am as I am whatever ensue.

(10)

And from this mynde I will not flee,
But to you all that misjuge me,
I do proteste as ye maye see,
That I am as I am and so will I bee.

27

√

Patiens for I have wrong,
And dare not show whereyn,
Patiens shall be my song,
Sins truthe can no thing wyn.
Patiens for this fytt,
Here after comis not yett.

POEMS ABSENT FROM THE E. AND D.
MSS.

I

To whom should I sue to ease my payne?
To my mystres? Nay, nay, certayne,
For feare she should me then disdayne.
I dare not sue, I dare not sue!

When I should speake to my mystres,
In hope for to get redres,
* * * * *
When I should speake, when I should speake.

What hap had I that suffereth payne,
And if I myght her grace attayne:
Or els she would here me complayne,
What hap had I, what hap had I.

I fly, for feare to be espyed
Or of evil wil to be destroyed,
The place wher I would faynest abyde,
I fly for feare, I fly for feare.

Though I were bold, who should me blame
Love caused me to do the same.
With honesty it were no shame,
Though I were bold, though I were bold.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

And here an end, wyth ful glad wyl
In purpose for to serve her styl,
And for to part thinke none yl,
And here an end, and here an end.

2 ✓

Dysdaine me not without desert
Nor leave me not so sodeynly,
Sence wel ye wot that in my hart
I meane nothing but honesty,
Dysdayne me not.

Refuse me not without cause why
Nor thynke me not to be uniust,
Since that by lot of fantasye
The careful knott nedes knyht I must,
Refuse me not

Mystrust me not, though some therbe
That fayne would spot my stedfastnesse,
Beleve them not seyng that ye se
The profe is not as they expresse :
Mystrust me not.

Forsake me not til I deserve
* * * *
Nor hate me not til I swerve,
For syth you knew what I intend
Forsake me not.

POEMS ABSENT FROM E. AND D.

Dysdayne me not being your owne :
Refuse me not that I am so true :
Mystrust me not til al be knowen :
Forsake me never for no new.
Disdayne me not.

3 ✓

T. WYAT. OF LOVE

(1)

Lyke as the wynde with raging blaste
Dothe cawse eche tree to bowe and bende,
Even so do I spende my tyme in wast
My lyff consumyng into an ende.

(2)

For as the flame by force doeth quenche the fyer,
And runninge streames consume the rayne,
Even so do I myself desyer,
To augment my greffe and deadly payne.

(3)

Where as I fynde that whot is whot,
And colde is colde, by course of kynde,
So shall I knet an endles knot.
Such fruite in love alas I fynde.

(4)

When I foresaw those christall streames
Whose bewtie dothe cause my mortall wounde,
I lyttyll thought within those beames
So swete a venim for to have founde.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(5)

I fele and see my owne decaye,
As one that beareth the flame in his brest,
Forgetfull thought to put away,
The thyng that breedeth my unrest,

(6)

Lyke as the flye dothe seke the flame,
And afterwarde playeth in the fyer,
Who fyndeth her woo, and seketh her game,
Whose greffe dothe growe of her owne desyer.

(7)

Lyke as the spider dothe drawe her lyne,
As labor lost so is my sute
The gayne is hers the losse is myne,
Of evell sowne seade suche is the frute.

4

EPITAPH OF SIR THOMAS GRAVENER KNIGHT

Under this stone ther lyeth at rest
A frendly man, a worthie knight
Whose hert and mynde was ever prest
To favor truthe to farther ryght.

The poores defence, his neighbors ayde,
Most kynde alwayes unto his kyne
That stint all servys that myght be stayed,
Whose gentell grace great love dyd wyne.

POEMS ABSENT FROM E. AND D.

A man that was full earnest sett
To serve his prince at all assayes :
No sycknes coulde hym from that lett
Which was the shortnyng of his dayes.

His lyf was good, he dyed full well ;
The body here, the soule in blys.
With lenth of wordes whie shoulde I tell
Or farther shewe that well knowne is ?
Sins that the tears of more and lesse
Rightwell declare his worthynes.

5 ✓

Like as the byrde in the cage enclosed
The dore unsparred and the hawke withowte
Twixte deth and prison piteously oppressed
Whether for to chuse standeth in dowte :
Certes so do I which do seke to bring aboute
Which should be best by determination
By losse of lyff, lybertye, or lyff by prison.

Oh, myscheffe by myscheffe to be redressed
Wher payne is the best ther lyeth little pleasure,
By short deth oute of daunger yet to be delyvered
Rather than with paynfull lyff, thraldom, and doloure,
For small pleasure moche payne to suffer ;
Soner therefore to chuse me thincketh it wysdome
By losse of lyff lybertye then lyff by prison.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

By lengthe of lyff yet shulde I suffer
Adwayting time and fortunes chaunce :
Manye thinges happen within an howre :
That which me oppressed may me advaunce :
In time is trust, which by dethes grevaunce
Is utterlye lost : then were it not reason
By deth to chuse libertye, and not lyff by prison

But deth were deliveraunce, in lyff lengthe of payne ;
Of two ylles, let see nowe chuse the best,
This birde to deliver, you that here her playne,
Your advise you lovers ! which shalbe best ?
In cage in thraldome, or by hawke to be opprest ?
And which for to chuse make playne conclusion
By losse of lyff lybertye, or lyff by prison ?

6

Stond who so list upon the slipper toppe
Of courtes estates, and let me here rejoyce ;
And use me quyet without lett or stoppe,
Unknownen in Courte that hath such brackishe joyes :

In hidden place so lett my dayes forthe passe,
That when my yeres be done, withouten noyse,
I may dye aged after the common trace.

For hym death greep' the right hard by the crophe
That is moche knowen of other ; and of himself, alas,
Doth dye unknowen, dased with dreadfull face.

FROM TOTTEL'S
"SONGES AND SONETTES"

1 ✓

Accused though I be without desert,
Sith none can prove, beleve it not for true :
For never yet, since that you had my hert,
Intended I to false or be untrue.

Sooner I would of death sustayn the smart
Than break one word of that I promised you :
Accept therefore my service in good part ;
None is alyve that can yll tonges eschew ;

Hold them as false, and let not us depart
Our frendship olde, in hope of any new.
Put not thy trust in such as use to fayn,
Except thou mynde to put thy frend to payn.

2 ✓

(1)

Passe forth my wonted cryes
Those cruell eares to pearce,
Which in most hatefull wyse
Doe styll my plaintes reverse.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

Doe you my teares, also
So wet her barrein hart,
That pitye there may grow,
And crueltie depart.

(2)

For though hard rockes among
She semes to have bene bred,
And of the Tigre long
Bene nourished and fed;
Yet shall that nature change,
If pitie once win place
Whan as unknowen and strange,
She now away doth chase.

(3)

And as the water soft
Without forcyng or strength,
Where that it falleth oft,
Hard stones doeth perse at length :
So in her stony hart
My plaintes at last shall grave,
And rigour set apart,
Winne grant of that I crave.

(4)

Wherefore my plaintes, present
Styll so to her my sute
As ye, through her assent
May bring to me some frute.

POEMS FROM TOTTEL

And as she shall me prove,
So bid her me regarde,
And render love for love,
Which is a just reward.

3 ✓

(1)

Your lokes so often cast,
Your eyes so frendly rolde,
Your sight fixed so fast,
Alwayes one to behold :
Though hyde it fain ye would :
It plainly doth declare
Who hath your hart in hold,
And where good will ye bare.

(2)

Fayn would ye finde a cloke
Your brennyng fire to hyde :
Yet both the flame and smoke
Breakes out on every side :
Yee can not love so guide
That it to issue winne.
Abrode nedes must it glide,
That brens so hote within.

(3)

For cause your self do wink
Ye judge all other blinde :
And secret it you think
Which every man doth finde.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

In wast oft spend ye winde
Your self in love to quit :
For agues of that kinde
Will show, who hath the fit.

(4)

Your sighes yow fet from farre
And all to wry your wo :
Yet ar ye nere the narre,
Men ar not blinded so.
Depely oft swere ye no :
But all those othes ar vaine.
So well your eye doth showe
Who puttes your hert to paine.

(5)

Thinke not therfore to hide
That still it selfe betrayes,
Nor seke meanes to provide
To darke the sunny daies ;
Forget those wonted waies :
Leave of such frowning chere :
There will be found no stayes
To stoppe a thing so clere.

POEMS FROM TOTTEL

4 ✓

(1)

Synce love wyll nedes that I shall love,
Of very force I must agree :
And since no chance may it remove
In welth and in adversitie,
I shall alway my self apply
To serve and suffer patiently.

(2)

Though for good will I finde but hate,
And cruelty my life to wast,
And though that still a wretched state
Should pine my dayes unto the last :
Yet I professe it willingly ·
To serve and suffer patiently.

(3)

For since my hart is bound to serve,
And I not ruler of mine owne,
What so befall, till that I sterue,
By prooffe full well it shall be knowne,
That I shall still myself apply
To serve and suffer patiently.

(4)

Yea though my grief finde no redresse
But still increase before mine eyes :
Though my rewarde be cruelnesse
With all the harme, happe can devise :
Yet I professe it willingly
To serve and suffer patiently.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

(5)

Yea though fortune her pleasant face
Should shew, to set me up aloft :
And streight my wealth, for to deface ;
Should writhe away, as she doth oft :
Yet would I styll myself apply
To serve and suffer patiently.

(6)

There is no grief, no smart, no wo
That yet I fele, or after shall,
That from this mynde may make me go :
And whatsoever me befall,
I do professe it willingly
To serve and suffer patiently.

5 ✓

(1)

For want of will, in wo I playne,
Under colour of sobernesse :
Renewyng with my sute my payne,
My wanhope with your stedfastnesse.
Awake therfore of gentlenesse :
Regard at length I you require
The sweltyng paynes of my desire.

(2)

Betimes who geveth willingly,
Redoubled thanks aye doth deserve ;
And I that sue unfaynedly

POEMS FROM TOTTEL

In frutelesse hope, alas, do sterue ;
How great my cause is for to swerve :
And yet how stedfast is my sute
Lo here ye see, where is the frute ?

(3)

As hounde that hath his keper lost,
Seke I your presence to obtayne,
In which my hart deliteth most,
And shall delight though I be slayne.
You may release my band of payne.
Lose then the care that makes me crye
For want of helpe or els I dye.

(4)

I dye, though not incontinent,
By processe yet consumingly
As waste of fire which doth relent,
If you as wilfull wyll denye.
Wherfore cease of such crueltie,
And take me wholly in your grace,
Which lacketh will to change his place

6 ✓

(1)

If ever man might him avaunt
Of fortunes frendly chere,
It was my selfe I must it graunt
For I have bought it dere.

253

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WIAT

And derely have I helde also
The glory of her name,
In yelding her such tribute, lo,
As did set forth her fame.

(2)

Sometime I stode so in her grace,
That as I would require,
Ech joy I thought did me imbrace
That furered my desire.
And all those pleasures lo had I,
That fansy might support ;
And nothing she did me denye
That was to my comfort.

(3)

I had, what would you more perdee,
Ech grace that I did crave :
Thus fortunes will was unto me
All thing that I would have.
But all to rathe, alas the while,
She built on such a ground :
In little space, too great a guyle
In her now have I found.

(4)

For she hath turned so her whele
That I, unhappy man,
May waile the time that I did fele
Wherwith she fedde me than.

POEMS FROM TOTTEL

For broken now are her behestes,
And pleasant lokes she gave ;
And therefore now all my requestes
From peril can not save.

(5)

Yet would I well it might appere
To her my chiefe regard :
Though my desertes have ben to dere
To merite such reward.
Sith fortunes will is now so bent
To plage me thus pore man,
I must myself therwith content
And beare it as I can.

7

(1)

When first mine eyes did view and marke
Thy faire beawtie to beholde :
And when mine eares listned to hark
The pleasant wordes that thou me tolde :
I would, as then, I had been free
From eares to hear, and eyes to see.

(2)

And when my lips gan first to move
Wherby my hart to thee was knowne :
And when my tong did talk of love
To thee that hast true love down throwne :
I would my lips and tong also
Had then bene dum, no deale to go.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(3)

And when my handes have handled ought
That thee hath kept in memory :
And when my fete have gone and sought
To find and get thy company :
I would eche hand a fote had bene
And I eche foote a hand had sene.

(4)

And when in mynde I did consent
To folow this my fansies will :
And when my hart did first relent
To tast such bayt my life to spyll :
I would my hart had bene as thyne,
Orels thy hart had bene as mine.

8 ✓

(1)

Mystrustfull mindes be moved
To have me in suspect,
The troth it shalbe proved
Which time shall once detect.

(2)

Though falshed go about
Of crime me to accuse,
At length I do not doute
But truth shall me excuse.

POEMS FROM TOTTEL

(3)

Such sawce as they have served
To me without desart,
Even as they have diserved
Therof God send them part.

9 ✓

(1)

I see that chance hath chosen me
Thus secretely to live in paine,
And to an other geven the fee
Of all my losse to have the gayn.
By chance assinde thus do I serve,
And other have that I deserve.

(2)

Unto myself sometime alone
I do lament my wofull case,
But what availeth me to mone?
Since troth and pitie have no place
In them, to whom I sue and serve :
And other have that I deserve.

(3)

To seke by meane to change this minde
Alas, I prove it will not be ;
For in my hart I cannot finde
Once to refrain, but still agree
As bounde by force, alway to serve :
And other have that I deserve.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(4)

Such is the fortune that I have
To love them most that love me lest :
And to my pain to seke and crave
The thing that other have possest.
So thus in vain alway I serve,
And other have that I deserve.

(5)

And till I may apeace the heate,
If that my happe will happe so well,
To waile my wo my hart shall freate,
Whose pensiv pain my tong can tell.
Yet thus unhappy must I serve
And other have that I deserve.

10

✓

Through out the world if it were sought,
Faire wordes enough a man shall finde ;
They be good chepe they cost right nought
Their substance is but onely winde.
But well to say, and so to mene,
That swete accord is seldom sene.

POEMS FROM TOTTEL

11 ✓

Lover. It burneth yet, alas, my hartes desire.

Lady. What is the thing that hath inflamed thy hert?

Lover. A certain point as fervent as the fyre.

Lady. The heate shall cease of that thou wilt
convert.

Lover. I cannot stoppe the fervent raging yre.

Lady. What may I do if thyself cause thy smart?

Lover. Heare my request alas with weping chere

Lady. With right good wyll, say on: lo, I thee
here.

Lover. That thing would I that maketh two content.

Lady. Thou sekest perchance of me that I may not.

Lover. Would God, thou wouldst as thou maist well
assent.

Lady. That I may not, thy grief is mine: God wot.

Lover. But I it fele, what so thy wordes have ment.

Lady. Suspect me not, my wordes be not forgot.

Lover. Then say alas! shall I have help? or no?

Lady. I see no time to answer yea but no.

Lover. Say ye, dere hert, and stand no more in dout.

Lady. I may not grant a thing that is so dere.

Lover. Lo, with delayes thou drives me still about.

Lady. Thou wouldest my death, it plainly doth
appere.

Lover. First may my hart his bloode, and life blede
out.

Lady. Then for my sake alas, thy will forbere.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

Lover. From day to day thus wastes my life away.

Lady. Yet for the best suffer some small delay.

Lover. Now good say yea : do once so good a dede.

Lady. If I sayd yea what would therof ensue ?

Lover. A hert in pain of succour so should spede
Twixt yea, and nay, my doubt shall styll
renew ;

Lady. My swete say yea : and do away this drede.
Thou wilt nedes so ? be it so : but then be
trew.

Lover. Nought would I els, nor other treasure none.
Thus, hartes be wonne by love, request
mone.

Suffised not (Madame) that you did teare
My wofull hart, but thus also to rent
The weping paper that to you I sent,
Wherof eche letter was written with a teare.
Could not my present paines, alas, suffise
Your greedy hart ? and that my hart doth fele
Tormentes that prick more sharper then the stele,
But new and new must to my lot arise ?
Use then my death. So shal your cruelty,
Spite of your spite rid me from all my smart,
And I no more such tormentes of the hart
Fele as I do. This shalt thou gain thereby.

POEMS FROM TOTTEL

13 ✓

Speake thou and spede where will or power ought
helpthe
Where power doth want will must be wonne by
welth.
For nede will spede, where will workes not his kinde,
And gayne, thy foes thy frendes shall cause thee
finde.
For sute and golde what do not they obtaine,
Of good and bad the triers are these twaine.

14 ✓

(1)

If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruell wyll, and see thou kepe thee free
From the foule yoke of sensuall bondage ;
For though thy Empyre stretche to Inlian sea
And for thy feare trembleth the fardest Thylee.
If thy desire have over thee the power,
Subject then art thou and no governour.

(2)

If to be noble and high thy mind be meved,
Consider well thy grounde and thy beginnyng ;
For he that hath eche starre in heaven fixed,
And geves the Moone her hornes and her eclipsyng,
Alike hath made thee noble in his working :
So that wretched no way thou may be,
Except foul lust and vice do conquer thee.

THE POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYAT

(3)

All were it so thou had a flood of gold
Unto thy thirst, yet should it not suffice;
And though with Indian stones, a thousande folde
More precious then can thy self devise
Ycharged were thy backe : thy covitise
And busye bytyng yet should never let,
Thy wretched life ne do thy death profet.

GLOSSARY

- Ambes-as:** the double ace, *i. e.* double ones in a throw of dice; the unlucky throw. See *Zins*.
- Ascart:** a variant of *astert*, to start up, escape. *ascart* appears to be peculiar to *Wiat*, cf. *daskard* for *dastard*.
- Ataced:** quieted, silenced. Found only in *Wiat*. Translated from Italian *taceto*, cf. *traced*.
- Avysing:** observing closely, gazing intently at.
- Chave:** chaff, provender. Used in this text in the sense of livelihood.
- Cant:** A corner of a field, a portion. Dialectal Kentish word.
- Daskard:** variant of *dastard*, a cowardly person.
- Elonged:** distant from.
- For-done:** utterly destroyed. *For-*, intensitive prefix, thoroughly, utterly.
- Groins:** grunts, grumbles.
- Gruging:** feeling compunction or remorse.
- *Heins:** dialectal Northern *hains* < O.N. *hegna*, to hedge. Used in the sense of (1) fencing a field for the growth of grass, called 'haining'; (2) figuratively, a refuge, as in *Wiat*. This word also occurs in the *Laws of the New Forest*. The reading *heins* was corrected by *Wiat*'s first editors in 1549. It is re-established for this text. The first reading in *Wiat*'s MS. (E) is—
- “ For that in *heins* as man in mortal stryff
He hath constraynd me for to hyd my hed.”
- Kappur:** used satirically by *Wiat* in the sense of a wild or unrestrained person. Probably connected with northern English *kippir*, frisky, wanton; cf. Danish *kippe*, a low ale-house.
- Nappy:** foaming, having a head. Applied to ale.
- Narre:** nearer, cf. *nere the narre*, *i. e.* never the nearer.
- Not:** do not know (< *ne wat*).
- Quakynd:** archaic form of present participle 'quaking.'
- Rabate:** abate, diminish.
- Shright:** shriek, used substantively by *Wiat*. Found elsewhere as a preterite or past participle.
- Staulk:** to go warily or noiselessly.
- Sitteth:** impersonal verb, it is becoming, it fits; cf. 'it sitteth me to nere,' *i. e.* it fits me too closely.
- Stemyng:** employed in the phrase 'stemyng iyes,' to express the meaning of light glancing forth from the eye.
- To-torn:** torn in shreds. With intensitive prefix *to-*.
- Towerd:** to the point. 'To speak towerd' is a dialectal northern phrase meaning to speak to the point, to speak of the matter in hand, to make a bargain (particularly with a view to marriage).
- Traced:** borrowed from the Italian *atrasse*. *Wiat* has translated *atrasse* by 'traced,' and *taceto* by 'ataced.'
- Zins:** fives, used for double fives in a throw of dice (*zin* < *cing*). Two fives, or a five and a six, was the lucky number. See *Ambes-as*.

* Starred words are peculiar to *Wiat*.

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